

ARMINIUS:
OR THE
CHAMPION OF LIBERTY,
A Tragedy.

WITH AN HISTORICAL PREFACE.

BY ARTHUR MURPHY, Esq.



Arminius Liberator haud dubie Germaniae, et qui non primordia Populi
Romani, sicut alij Reges Ducesque, sed florentissimum Imperium lacefferit,
Præliis ambiguus, Bello non Victus. *Tacit. Annal. Lib. ii. S. 33.*

LONDON:
PRINTED BY AND FOR BARKER AND SON,
Dramatic Repository,
GREAT RUSSELL STREET, COVENT GARDEN:
[Price 2s 6d]

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P R E F A C E.

THE following Poem was written in the course of the last summer. Why it was not offered to the Stage, it is unnecessary to mention. If it could in any degree answer the purpose, for which it was originally designed, it would not be, as perhaps now is the case, a mere trifle offered to the Public. The Author is conscious that his powers are neither equal to the subject, nor to the zeal with which he undertook it. Removed though he is from the political world, he could not, in his private retreat, be altogether inattentive to the various events, which in the last seven years have changed the face of Europe, and, under the savage conduct of a Nation of professed Atheists, counteracted the order of Providence in the formation of
Civil

Civil Society. *Nibil est illi Principi Deo, qui omnem hunc Mundum regit, quod quidem in terris fiat acceptius, quam Concilia Cætusque hominum jure Sociati, quæ CIVITATES appellantur (a).* He saw the Monarchy of France overturned by the fury of a Democratic Faction, who have since reduced their whole Nation to a state of Slavery not to be paralleled in the Records of History. FIVE MEN called the DIRECTORY, have silenced the Legislature of their country; they transported Seventy of the Members to perish on a foreign shore, and from that time have not suffered their NATIONAL ASSEMBLY to enter into a Debate, or to pass a single Law.

The Usurpers at first covered their ambition with the mask of Patriots struggling for Liberty; and, as soon as they found themselves possessed of Power, they destroyed LIBERTY ITSELF. With men of their stamp the practice has been uniformly the same from the days of Tacitus to the present hour. *Ut Imperium evertant, LIBERTATEM præferunt; si Everterint, LIBERTATEM IPSAM aggrediuntur (b).*

(a) Somn. Scip. S. iii.

(b) Annal. Lib. xvi. S. 22.

When the Revolution began in France, the People of England did not look much deeper than the surface; the love of innovation was for some time thought to be zeal for civil liberty; and by great politicians and eminent orators it was called **THE FABRIC OF HUMAN WISDOM**. That doctrine was spread far and wide, and honest men were deceived by appearances. In the mean time a **JACOBIN PARTY** was formed in various parts of England by **CONSTITUTIONAL CLUBS** and **CORRESPONDING SOCIETIES**. Republicans in their hearts they pretended to act with ardour for the Constitution. They talked of the **RIGHTS OF MAN**, of **REFORM OF PARLIAMENT**, and **UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE**, while in secret they wished for nothing so much as to see the horrors of French Anarchy introduced into this kingdom. They knew that in a thunder-storm the dregs of the barrel rise to the top. They had read in the fable, that when the oak and the cedar were felled to the ground, the bramble reigned over the forest. Having nothing to lose, they hoped in a convulsion of the state, that they should find their private advantage. The same views and principles in every age and country

try have been the motives of all pernicious citizens. The English JACOBINS, as well as the FRENCH, may find their picture drawn by the masterly pencil of Tacitus. *Falso LIBERTATIS nomen obtendi ab iis, qui PRIVATIM DEGENERES, in publicum EXITIOSI, nihil spei nisi per discordias habeant* (b).

While our home-bred Factions were employed at *Sheffield, Norwich, Manchester, London*, and other places, in laying the seed-plots of Rebellion, this country was on a sudden involved in a just, a necessary, an UNAVOIDABLE War. Unavoidable it must be called, since the REGICIDES thought fit to be the AGGRESSORS. This point has been warmly controverted, and much ink has been lavished on the subject. The present writer does not mean to enter the lists with any person whatever: he only claims a right to think for himself, and, with all possible brevity, to exhibit the light in which things appeared to him.

It has been said that Great Britain provoked the war by the recall of her Ambassador. But that event took place after the 10th of

(b) Ann. Lib. xi. S. 17.

August, 1792, when the King of France was suspended from all the functions of his office, and sent, with the Royal Family, a prisoner to the Temple. The credentials of the Ambassador were then no longer valid. With whom was he to transact business? Was it to be matter of indifference, whether he negotiated with the King, to whom he was sent, or with the BRISSTOS, the MARATS, the ROBESPIERES, and the rest of that Pandæmonium? Would such a conduct have been suited to the honour of the British Nation? It would have been nothing short of a decided part in the internal affairs of France. Had LORD GOWER remained at Paris, he would have been in a precarious situation. He had seen the massacre of the 10th of August: Was he to wait for that of the 2d of September, when no less than three thousand men, women, and children, were most barbarously murdered? The French have lately shewn that they can trample on the rights of ambassadors: They confined the ambassador of Portugal in a prison, and might have behaved with equal insolence to LORD GOWER. In such a juncture, his Majesty thought it became his dignity to send letters of recall, declaring, at the

same time, that he would not interfere in the internal government of that kingdom. If the French, who are now *affiliating*, that is enslaving GENEVA, will enquire for the works of BURLAMAQUI, they will find that the recall of an ambassador, or a refusal to receive one, may proceed from various causes, without being deemed a sufficient provocation of war. It should seem that the French themselves were of that opinion, since it appears, that M. LE BRUN, at that time Minister for Foreign Affairs, in his answer to the communication made to him by LORD GOWER, expressed his wish, *that a full reciprocity of justice and good-will might subsist between the two countries.*

With what sincerity the Republican Anarchists acted on that occasion, may be inferred from their Decree of the 19th November, 1792, by which they promised fraternity and support to the People of every country, who wished to overturn their Government. It is almost superfluous to add, that in answer to *Frost* and *Joel Barlow*, the President of the Convention hoped the day was not far distant, *when he should send congratulations to a similar National Convention in England.*

It

It is well known, that an inundation of French Jacobins, whom their *o'ercloy'd country vomited forth* to propagate their detestable principles, infested every part of London : In such a period the ALIEN BILL was a wise and necessary measure : and it may now well be a question, whether it ought not to be declared perpetual. Whenever a Peace shall be concluded, a banditti of Frenchmen, under the pretext of trade and commerce, will be sent over to wage a war of principles against the Government.

In the latter end of the year 1792, the demagogues of Paris were resolved on two grand objects, namely, the murder of their King, and a war with Great Britain. The former was executed on the 21st of January 1793 ; on the 24th of the same month M. Chauvelin received orders to depart. Though it was well known, that long before that time he had renounced his King, who had sent him hither, and sworn fidelity to his new masters ; and though his machinations in this country were well known, he was, notwithstanding, suffered to remain as long as Lewis XVI. was permitted to live. His

credentials expired with his martyred Sovereign. His character of ambassador was terminated by the fatal murder of his most Christian Majesty. To have received him with new credentials from the regicides, would have been incompatible with the moral dignity of the British Nation.

The rulers of Paris, having destroyed their King, proceeded to their long-projected war against Great Britain. In their debate on that subject, on the 1st of February 1793, it was asserted by one of their orators, *That the watchful conduct of the British Ministers, their fears, and jealousies afforded proofs of the progress of the opinions and principles of the French Revolution* (c). Is not that avowal from the mouth of an enemy, a full justification of the ALIEN BILL? It was further asserted by *Brissot*, that the British Ministers, for the sake of the trade and commerce of England, observed a STRICT NEUTRALITY. If corroborating proof of this pacific disposition were necessary, we have the authority of the MARQUIS DE BOUILLE. That great Officer, known and

(c) See Debrett's Collection of Addresses from English Clubs, published in the year 1793.

respected throughout Europe, informs us, that he attended the King of Prussia and the Emperor Leopold at Pilnitz, on the 22d of August, 1791, when these two powers formed a Treaty of Alliance; and in the month of September following, he was received in the Cabinet at Vienna, and there the Emperor told him, that he had been waiting for answers from the Courts of *Russia, Spain, England*, and the principal Sovereigns of Italy, and had at length received them, and was *assured of the assistance and co-operation of all those powers*, EXCEPT ENGLAND, which had expressed its determination to OBSERVE A STRICT NEUTRALITY (d).

What, in the mean time, was the real disposition of the French towards Great Britain? Mr. HARPER, one of the Representatives in the American Congress, has laid open the intrigues, the stratagems, and over-bearing insolence of the French, from the very beginning of the Revolution. He tells us in express terms, that their grand object was to destroy the trade of Great Britain. “ *And*

(d) See the Marquis de Bouille's Memoirs of the French Revolution, page 422.

“ this was to be effected by setting fire to the four
 “ corners of Europe, and exciting the People in
 “ every quarter to insurrection against their Go-
 “ vernment. A project so atrocious in its end,
 “ and so abominable in its means, has never been
 “ conceived before. And while all this was
 “ going on, the Convention, in order to hood-
 “ wink England, was making to her the most
 “ solemn assurances of pacific intentions. It even
 “ carried its dissimulation to the almost incredi-
 “ ble length of requesting the mediation of Eng-
 “ land to bring about a Peace with Prussia and
 “ the Emperor. In the mean time, their in-
 “ structions to GENET, (their Envoy to Ame-
 “ rica) shewed, that it was their manifest ob-
 “ ject to draw the United States into a war with
 “ Great Britain. Those instructions were dated
 “ January 3d, 1793. Supplementary instruc-
 “ tions were delivered by the same person, Ja-
 “ nuary 17th, 1793. Louis XVI. was guillo-
 “ tined January 21st, 1793; Chauvelin was
 “ ordered to quit England, January 24th, 1793,
 “ and war was declared against England on the
 “ 1st of February following. If the dismissal of
 “ Chauvelin was the occasion of the war, as
 “ France alledged, why those instructions on the
 “ 3d of January so long before the dismissal?
 “ The

“ *The Leaders of Opposition in England have*
 “ *long persisted in the error of regarding only the*
 “ *DECLARATIONS of France, and wholly over-*
 “ *looking her ACTIONS (e).*”

If the war was at first unavoidable, it is now just and necessary, as appears from the behaviour of the Directory to LORD MALMESBURY. That Nobleman, invested with the character of Plenipotentiary, offered in the very outset of the negotiation at *Lisle*, the terms of Peace drawn up in the form of a Treaty, which the enemy, had they been in earnest, might have embraced with little or no delay ; but, contrary to all precedent, they recalled at the end of near three months, the Plenipotentiaries, who possessed the thread of the whole negotiation, and sent two new Agents to *Lisle*, with a settled design, in the most abrupt manner, to end all further Treaty. Those new Agents by a note, dated the 16th of September, desired to know whether Lord Malmesbury had powers to give up to France and her Allies, all places conquered by Great Britain. They were told by his Lordship, that a decisive answer in the

(e) See Harper's Pamphlet, Page 94, 95.

negative had been given on the 24th of July preceding. This was of no weight. A Peer of Great Britain, and a Plenipotentiary Ambassador, was ordered in the most insolent manner to go and return, that is to fetch and carry for an insolent Directory, who have emerged from obscurity, to be the tyrants of their country. This demand of a general restitution is the more extravagant, because after the three great and glorious victories, unparalleled in the British Annals, by LORD HOWE over the French, by LORD ST. VINCENT over the Spaniards, and lastly, by LORD DUNCAN over the Dutch, it is not in their power to retake any one place that has been conquered from them. Rafts and gunboats will not be able to cope with the British Navy.

It has been asked in the House of Commons, "*Are we to persist in the war for the possession of the Cape of GOOD HOPE, the Island of CEYLON, and Trincomale?*" The following Extract from the Marquis de Bouille's Memoirs, will be a sufficient answer to the question. "In the summer of 1784," says that great General, "when I was preparing to set out from BERLIN to RUSSIA, I received an
" order

“ order from Government to return to Paris.
“ On my arrival there, the Minister ac-
“ quainted me with a project relative to the
“ East Indies. The object was, to unite the
“ French and Dutch forces in an attack
“ upon the English possessions, to restore to
“ the Princes of the Country the Provinces
“ conquered from them by the English, and
“ to obtain and secure for the two nations
“ Factories and Commercial Establishments,
“ which were to be free to the whole world.
“ The means employed to secure success to
“ this enterprize, were an army of 18,000
“ men, independent of the garrisons already
“ in that country ; twenty millions of livres
“ in specie, and a Naval force able to op-
“ pose that of the English in the East Indies.
“ TRINCOMALE, in the Island of CEYLON,
“ was the place destined for the rendezvous
“ of the troops, and the repository of the
“ military magazines. One third of the
“ forces, as well as of the sums necessary,
“ and the stores and provisions of every kind
“ were to be furnished by the Dutch, who
“ requested that I should have the command
“ of the expedition. In 1787, the Revolu-
“ tion broke out in Holland; but was sup-

“ pressed by the entry of a Prussian army
 “ under the command of the DUKE OF
 “ BRUNSWICK. All the bonds which united
 “ FRANCE and HOLLAND were dissolved, the
 “ former basely abandoning her Ally, and
 “ thus the vast project of the conquest of
 “ the Indies vanished into air (*f.*).”

It is to be observed, that the above project
 was in 1784, not more than a year after a
 General Peace, when nothing had occurred
 that could give umbrage to France. The
 same rooted aversion to this country still
 subsists, and is openly avowed by the Direc-
 tory: and, after this statement, is TRINCO-
 MALE an object of importance to this coun-
 try? Shall it be given up to be the rendez-
 vus of the enemy's troops, and the reposi-
 tory of their magazines? To do it, were to
 be *felio de se*.

Ever since the return of Lord Malmesbury,
 the Directory have waged a war of Billin-
 gate against this country. With scurrility,
 calumny, and the grossest falsehoods, they
 have attempted to traduce and vilify a great
 nation, celebrated throughout Europe for its

humanity no less than its valour. They have declared that the English are a generous people labouring under a bad government, and they are determined to give them on the the Royal Exchange a better constitution. Infatuated men! They had in the beginning of their Revolution the British Constitution as a model to imitate, but they preferred Anarchy. As Montesquieu expresses it, they had BYZANTIUM before their eyes, and they built CHALCEDON. They have *affiliated* HOLLAND, BELGIUM, the States of Italy, and GENEVA, and they have robbed and plundered them all. It now remains for them to destroy the Commerce of Great Britain, and to erect their TRI-COLOURED FLAG on the Royal Exchange. For this purpose they have solicited subscriptions in their own exhausted country, but by that measure they roused the spirit of the British Nation. All degrees and ranks of men have conspired with emulation to strengthen the hands of Government, and from the Contributions paid in at the Bank, three things are manifest: First, that the people are united, with one mind, one heart, one hand, against the attempts

attempts of a French banditti: Secondly, that this is an opulent country, ready and willing to strengthen the hands of Government: And thirdly, the Voluntary Subscriptions shew, that all ranks and orders of men repose entire confidence in his Majesty's Councils, and his present Ministers. The consequence of this unanimity and firmness, it is hoped, will be the support of the extensive commerce of this country, and the empire of the sea.

Quicunque Mundi terminus obstitit,
Hunc tangat armis; visere gestiens,
Qua parte debacchentur Ignes,
Quâ Nebulæ, pluviiue Rores. (g)

The situation, it must be granted, forms an awful period, and requires collected vigour, nothing less than the whole force of the community. And yet, at the same time, we still hear a clamour for RADICAL REFORM. That men of eminence in the state should at length join in such a cry is not a little surprizing. It may, therefore, not be improper to remind them, that on the trial of HARDY at the Old Baily, a letter to him

(g) Horace, Lib. III. Ode 3.

from

from the Society at *Norwich* was produced, containing the following passage: "*Whether*
 "*it is the private design of the several Societies*
 "*to rip UP MONARCHY BY THE ROOTS, and*
 "*place DEMOCRACY in its stead?*" What was the answer? "*The Committee offer you*
 "*every assistance in their power, but request that*
 "*your questions for the future may relate*
 "*chiefly to REFORM OF PARLIAMENT.*" (b)
 This the Corresponding Society avow as their ostensible object, but conceal their intention with regard to Monarchy. When men of rank and ability allow themselves, after all their efforts, to adopt the same clamour, they run the risk of being thought to follow HARDY's advice. Whose advice they follow, when their voice is raised against every measure of Government, it is impossible to say. The suspension of the HABEAS CORPUS ACT is called a violent step, nothing less than a violation of the Constitution, an encroachment on the liberty of the subject, and, in short, a manifest prelude to the reign of terror. The reason assigned for this intemperate language is, that no proof of exist-

(b) Hardy's Trial, by Gurney, Vol. I. Page 223, 225
 ing

ing plots against the State has been produced in Parliament. But that the Jacobins at *Manchester*, and other places, have been engaged in a conspiracy against this country is evident beyond the possibility of a doubt. And surely, the power of providing for the safety of a whole people is inherent in the frame and spirit of the Constitution. Let us hear what a WHIG of the OLD SCHOOL has said upon the subject. “ *It is an absurdity to imagine that those, who have the authority of making laws, cannot suspend any particular law, when they think it expedient for the public. When, therefore, any law does not conduce to this great end, the very observation of it would endanger the community, and that law ought to be laid asleep for a limited time by proper authority. Every government must in its nature be armed with such a power. There cannot be a greater instance of this, than in the old Commonwealth of Rome, who flattered themselves with an opinion, that their government had in it a due temper of the Regal, Noble, and Popular Power, represented by the Consuls, the Senators, and the Tribunes. Nevertheless, in this government, when the Republic was threatened*

“ with danger, they thought fit for the common
 “ safety to appoint a Temporary Dictator, in-
 “ vested with the whole power of the Three
 “ Branches; who when the danger was over,
 “ retired again into the community, and left
 “ the government in its natural situation. The
 “ HABEAS CORPUS ACT was passed towards
 “ the end of Charles II.; and since that time
 “ has been suspended, twice under the reign of
 “ William and Mary, once under King
 “ William, and once in the reign of Queen
 “ Anne; and again in the year 1715. And
 “ besides, every unprejudiced man will consider
 “ how mildly and equitably this power has been
 “ used. The persons confined have been treated
 “ with all possible humanity, and abridged of
 “ nothing but the liberty of ruining themselves
 “ and their families(i).” What Mr. ADDI-
 SON has said of the Ministers of GEORGE I.
 may be applied to the Councils of his pre-
 sent Majesty, when the *Habeas Corpus Act*
 was suspended four years ago. The whole
 body of the people have equal confidence on
 the present occasion. But after all, ADDI-
 SON, it may be said, was a party writer.

(i) See the Freeholder, No. 17.

MONTESQUIEU was neither WHIG nor TORY. His words are : “ Si la puissance législative
 “ se croyoit en danger par quelque Conjurati-
 “ on Secrete contre L’Etat, ou quelque Intelli-
 “ gence avec les Enemis du dehors, Elle
 “ pourroit, pour un tems court et limité, per-
 “ mettre à la puissance Exécutive de faire
 “ arrêter les Citoyens suspects, qui ne per-
 “ droient Leur Liberté pour un tems, que pour
 “ la conserver pour toujours(k).

The clamour of a few against the present suspension of the law is not the only mischief of the times. A MONSTER IN POLITICS has lately stalked forth as formidable as that described by LUCRETIVS,

Horribili super aspectu mortalibus instans :

This Phantom is, “ The SOVEREIGN
 “ MAJESTY OF THE PEOPLE;” a FOURTH
 ESTATE set up in a country, that has been
 for ages governed by the Legislative Autho-
 rity of THREE. If there is such a new
 order, it is of course paramount to KING,
 LORDS, and COMMONS, and, by consequence,

(k) L’Esprit des Loix, Lib. xi. Cap. vi.

there is an end of our boasted Constitution. But where has this "SOVEREIGN MAJESTY" "OF THE PEOPLE" ever existed? At ATHENS the people had a share in the government, and the citizens of Rome, by their TRIBUNES, assumed and exercised enormous influence; but they had no SOVEREIGN MAJESTY. In process of time they both wrought their own ruin. The subjects of Great Britain are much wiser; they delegate their whole authority to their Representatives, and beyond that power they claim no authority. If "The SOVEREIGN" "MAJESTY OF THE PEOPLE" ever existed in any part of the known world, it must have been in a pure, unmixed, and perfect DEMOCRACY. And where can such a government be traced? Polybius says, "Rust
 " is the inbred bane of iron, and worms of
 " wood; and as those substances at last
 " fall a prey to the evils that are congenial
 " to their nature, in the *same manner every*
 " SINGLE KIND OF GOVERNMENT *breeds*
 " *within itself some certain vice, which soon*
 " *causes its destruction.* Thus, ROYALTY *de-*
 " *generates into Tyranny; ARISTOCRACY into*
 " *Oligarchy; and DEMOCRACY into Savage*
 d Violence.

" *Violence*(*l*). " Such is the natural progress of the simple forms of government. A mixed limited Monarchy has, in its well tempered contexture, the means within itself of checking every mischief: and till a wild Democracy has overturned all wholesome laws, " THE SOVEREIGN MAJESTY OF " THE PEOPLE " is gigantic nonsense, "*full of sound and fury, signifying nothing*."

The REFORM projected by the JACOBINS of this country, would, beyond all doubt, *rip up the Constitution by the roots*. At such a time, the Author of the following Scenes thought, if he could recall the minds of men to the origin and antiquity of the Constitution, under which the people have enjoyed their rights, their property, and their liberty for above five hundred years, his labours might have some tendency to stop the progress of the new philosophy, and check the spirit of innovation. Our form of government, as Montesquieu has truly observed, came to this country from the woods of Germany(*m*). GAUL was reduced to a state of slavery, while Germany displayed a spirit of inde-

(*l*) See Polybius, Book vi. Chap. i.

(*m*) L'Esprit des Loix, Book

pendance. Arminius was the Great Hero of Germany. TACITUS tells us, That
 “ he fought with alternate vicissitudes of
 “ fortune: a man of warlike genius; and,
 “ beyond all question, the deliverer of Ger-
 “ many. He had not, like the Kings and
 “ Generals of a former day, the infancy of
 “ Rome to cope with; he had to struggle
 “ with a great and flourishing Empire: he
 “ attacked the Romans in the meridian of
 “ their glory; he stood at bay for a number
 “ of years with equivocal success, sometimes
 “ victorious, often defeated, but in the issue
 “ of the war, STILL UNCONQUERED.”(n) It
 was from that northern hive that our Saxon
 ancestors brought with them the same spirit
 of liberty, and a plan of civil government.
 They had experienced in their own country
 the disadvantages of the general suffrage of
 the people in a mass; they had occasionally
 tried the more practicable mode of represen-
 tation: *Ut missis Legatis in Commune Consulta-*
rent, Libertas an Pax Placeret. They had
 recourse to the same expedient in England.
 The WITTENAGEMOT was accordingly esta-

(n) Annal. Lib. II. S. 88.

blished, consisting of the King, the Barons, and the Saxon Freeman. The inferior orders of the people were still in bondage, but the remedy was soon applied. Letters of enfranchisement were granted not only to individuals, but to the inhabitants of towns and cities, who were admitted by their Representatives to a voice in the Great Council of the Nation. The consequence was, that the kingly power, the privileges of the nobility and clergy, and the rights of the commons were so happily blended, that " I believe," says Montesquieu, " so happy a form of Government never presented itself to the mind of man(o)." The Great Council of the Nation, called under the ANGLO SAXON GOVERNMENT, the WITTENAGEMOT, in process of time took the name of PARLIAMENT, and from that period has been the *Palladium* of British Liberty; a noble fabric, which our internal enemies would fain demolish by what they call a RADICAL REFORM.

It is, however, to be hoped that a veneration for the antiquity of so glorious a Constitution, and a due sense of the blessings,

(o) L'Esprit des Loix. Lib. xi. Cap. vi, viii.

which mankind have enjoyed under it, will animate all true Englishmen against their enemies, whether foreign or domestic.

The Author of Arminius has had the pleasure of working under a great master, and in the Notes annexed to the Tragedy, he has cited the passages which he has imitated, because he knows that the sentiments will come with weight and authority from the great writer of political history. That he has not been able to execute up to his own ideas and wishes, he is too conscious; but for a well-meant endeavour no apology can be required.

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ARMINIUS;

A

TRAGEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GERMANS.

ARMINIUS, *the German Chief.*

INGUIOMER, *another Chief.*

SEGIMUND, *Son of Segestes.*

GOETHMUND, }
EGBERT, } *Two Officers.*

DUMNORIX, }
CHELDERIC, } *Three Gauls in Arminius's Army.*
TREBANTES, }

VELEDA, *Daughter of Segestes, and Wife of Arminius.*

German Soldiers, Bards, Women, &c.

ROMANS.

CÆCINA, *General of the Roman Army.*

MARCUS, }
VALERIUS, } *Roman Officers.*

SEGESTES, *a German Chief in the service of Rome.*

FLAVIUS, *Brother to Arminius.*

Officers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE *on the Banks of the Visurgis, now the Weser.*

ARMINIUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A wild Heath; a strong Castle in View
Colours flying on the Ramparts, with S. P. Q. R. in
large Letters; German Tents; Officers and Soldiers on
the Heath.*

GOTHMUND, on Guard; to him EGBERT.

EGBERT.

HOW long must we protract this ling'ring siege?
I hate all dull delay; prompt execution,
And manly vigour are the soldier's glory.

GOTHMUND.

Egbert, 'tis true; dispatch, and sudden onset
Are the great springs of war: but well you know
We have in Inguiomer a gallant chief,
Fam'd for his warlike genius; long distinguish'd
By his heroic ardour; ever active
In the embattled field; still rushing on,
Prompt, eager, fierce, and where the battle rages,
Opposing ev'ry danger.

A R M I N I U S,

EGBERT.

In the field

I grant you, Gothmund, his renown is great.
 Arminius scarce out-shines him ; But, my friend,
 Where now that warlike spirit ? Tame, inactive,
 We dream away the time, and let that castle
 Hold us at bay. You know we might ere now
 Have storm'd the works.

GOTHMUND.

Our numbers are too thin :
 To conquer by assault our little army
 Was ill prepar'd. To spare the lives of men,
 Our General chose to form a close blockade,
 And hop'd ere this by famine to reduce
 A feeble garrison.

EGBERT.

So judg'd our Chief ;
 For that he plann'd his measures, but we know
 Th' envenom'd hate, the more than deadly feud,
 That, like a pent-up fire, inflames Segeftes,
 Ere since Arminius wedded to his daughter.
 Velea is a pris'ner in the castle ;
 By force her father seiz'd her, dragg'd her with him,
 And there detains her, obstinately bent,
 Never to let her husband see her more.

GOTHMUND.

Yet still he may capitulate.

EGBERT.

No, never ;
 Distress and famine may consume them both ;
 Content he'll perish with her.

GOTHMUND.

GOTHMUND.

But Arminius
Will soon be here; he comes by rapid marches
With a vast host, the German world in arms;
And then, my friend, then we may storm the works;
One bold assault shall end this tedious siege.

SCENE II. *Enter a Soldier.*

EGBERT.

Soldier, that look impatient——

SOLDIER,

On my station
At yonder eastern gate, I saw this arrow
Rise high in air, and soon with quick descent
Fall on the outside of the castle wall,
Short of th' intended mark. It bore this paper
Brac'd round with care.—(*He gives the paper.*)

EGBERT. (*Reads.*)

“Segeſtes ſummon all your firmeſt vigour;
“ Inſpire your garrifon; let no diſtreſs
“ Compell you to ſurrender. With his legions,
“ Cæcina is at hand to raiſe the ſiege.
“ Paſs but an hour, and he will bring relief.”
What traitor has done this?

GOTHMUND.

Perhaps the deed
Of thoſe deferters from the tribes of Gaul,
Who came but yeſterday with ſpecious ſeeming
To join our banners.

EGBERT.

The whole Gallic race
Conquer'd by Cæſar, to their maſters kneel,

And

And crouch in bondage. Proud of being still'd
 Th' Allies of Rome, they cast a jealous eye
 On all the states where liberty is cherish'd,
 But chief on Germany, whose true born sons
 Maintain their laws, their independent rights,
 Brave, unsubdued, and undebas'd by slavery.
(Looks at the paper.) This may be Gallic fraud; but
 Should the news
 Authentic prove, what then will Inguiomer—

GOTHMUND.

My friend, no more: Lo! where he comes this way.

SCENE III. *Enter INGUIOMER, with Officers and Soldiers.*

EGBERT.

The presence of our Chief almost dispells
 The sudden gloom that overcasts us all.
 These sudden tidings—

INGUIOMER.

Speak, nor hold me thus
 In wonder and suspense.

EGBERT.

Peruse that paper.

INGUIOMER.

And is it this alarms you? Let me see it. *(Reads to himself.)*

EGBERT.

An arrow's flight was destin'd to convey
 The tidings to Segestes; but this soldier
 Safe to my hands deliver'd it.

INGUIOMER.

This paper
 May be the stratagem of old Segestes.

Cæcina

Cæcina with his legions ! He advances
To raise the siege ! It is Segeftes
That sent his lying arrow through the air,
In hopes by false intelligence to check
The ardour of our troops, and save from ruin,
From certain ruin yon devoted walls.

EGBERT.

Might I advise, 'twere best prepare this moment
To storm the works ; a feeble garrison
Will not resist a general assault.

SCENE IV. *Enter another Soldier.*

INGUIOMER.

Ha ! with that air—those looks—that wild surprize—
What have you seen ? What heard ? Speak, tell me all.

SOLDIER.

The Romans are at hand ; with eager speed
They sweep along the vale.

INGUIOMER.

Deceive me not.

SOLDIER.

I would not do it : They are now in fight.
On the high summit of yon wood-crown'd hill,
That fronts the western sun, a sudden blaze
Of arms, of shields, and helms, glanc'd o'er the field.
I saw their banners, and their glitt'ring eagles
Display'd in proud array.

INGUIOMER.

Could you descry
Their numbers ?

SOLDIER.

SOLDIER.

No; I could not: of their strength
 No certain estimate can yet be made:
 O'er the fam'd causeway, long since made by Drusus,
 Their troops advanc'd. I saw their cavalry
 Forth issuing from the wood that skirts the plain.
 If their whole army was display'd to view,
 Their number is but small. On solid ground
 Perhaps their General may pitch his camp.

INGUIOMER.

What, ho! my faithful followers, ourself will view
 The number and the posture of their troops.
 Should they advance; a wide extended marsh
 Lies foul and deep before them. On that spot,
 If they advance, 'tis fix'd to give them battle.
 Their men and horses (*a*) on the slimy soil
 Will fall a sacrifice, and with their blood
 Deluge the crimson marl.

EGBERT.

In stagnate pools
 We have th' advantage; there a German soldier
 Fights in his element.

INGUIOMER.

While I go forth,
 'Tis yours, brave Egbert, to arrange your guards
 Around the castle. Let the heralds summon
 Sequesters to surrender: Should he dare
 Still to hold out, a general assault
 Shall overwhelm himself, his castle, and his friends
 In one prodigious ruin.

[*Exit, followed by soldiers;*
Warlike music.]

SCENE

SCENE V. EGBERT, GOTHMUND, *Soldiers, &c.*

EGBERT.

At length he takes th' alarm; but still his valour,
I fear, is rous'd too late.

GOTHMUND.

Mean time, my friend,
I'll walk my round, and visit ev'ry post.

EGBERT.

Observe both armies; let me know their motions.

GOTHMUND.

If ought of moment happen, you shall hear it. *[Exit.*

SCENE VI.

EGBERT.

Now let the herald summon to the walls
The proud Segestes. *[A trumpet sounds three times.*

A SOLDIER. *(From the rampart.)*

Why that piercing clangor?
What does your signal mean?

EGBERT.

To call Segestes
To hear our terms of peace.

SOLDIER.

Lo! here at hand
Segestes comes.

SEGESTES. *(From the rampart.)*

What now does Egbert mean?
Why am I summoned to the walls?

C

EGBERT.

EGBERT.

In pity
To all the wretched, miserable Band,
Whom you with fix'd hostility detain
Within those walls imprison'd, I have call'd you,
To treat in friendly parley.

SEGESTES.

Speak your purpose.

EGBERT.

Lay down your arms, and with well-tim'd submission
Atone for errors past ; throw wide your gates ;
A general pardon will restore you all
To your lov'd friends, to life, and liberty.
With open arms your country will receive you.

SEGESTES.

Mistaken, artful man ! is this a time
To lure us to your purpose ? Lo ! See there !
Far as my eye can strain, I see the Romans
On yonder plain that terminates the forest ;
I see their eagles, their embodied legions ;
O'er the wide field their spears, their shields, and javelins
Flash sudden gleams of fire.

EGBERT.

There they must halt ;
And there encamp. Should they attempt to wade
Through seas and pools, they'll meet with sure destruction.
Or ere they bring relief, our scaling ladders
Shall stand against your walls ; our men shall form
Their military shell, to sap your works,
Burst down your gates with ruinous assault,
And in one general havoc all your friends
Will glut the soldiers rage.

SEGESTES.

ARMINIUS.

11

SEGESTES.

In vain, proud man,
In vain these menaces ; even now I see
The legions form their lines. Behold ! see there !
The battle is begun. From yonder tow'r
I can survey the fortune of the field.
You have my answer. *[Exit from the walls.]*

SCENE VII.

EGBERT.

If the foe advances
To try the issue of a fierce engagement,
I dread his skill, and his superior judgment.
There Inguiomer may fail. Impetuous fury
And rashness oft have marr'd his noble daring.
Gothmund, what news ? Your looks denote your fear—
Have the two armies met ?

SCENE VIII. *To him* GOTHMUND.

GOTHMUND.

They have ; at first
The day was ours, and gallant Inguiomer
Mow'd down the Roman ranks. The fight
Was in the marshes, fierce and obstinate.
But on the marshy ground the Roman horses
Could find no footing ; goaded by their wounds
They made the soil more slipp'ry by their blood,
And with their carcases the troopers lay
All in one purple heap.

EGBERT.

And what has turn'd
The fortune of the field ?

GOTHMUND.

The foe retreated
Back to the solid plain. Elate with victory
Our men pursued them. There our enterprize
Has met a check, and ruin may insue.

SCENE IX. *Enter SEGESTES on the Rampart.*

SEGESTES.

My friends, I come to warn you of your fate.
Though foes in war, yet you are Germans still.
Break up your camp, or sure destruction hangs
On your devoted heads. A band of Romans
From the high waving forest, where they lay
Lodg'd in close ambush, down the steep descent
Rush'd on th' astonish'd foe. I see them now !
They charge, they fight, they dye their swords in blood ;
They bear down all, they follow, and they conquer :
Germans, be warn'd by me ; depart at once ;
Fly from the fury of a conqu'ring foe. [Exit.

SCENE X. *Enter a German Officer.*

OFFICER.

Haste, Egbert ; let us fly ; the day is lost.
The Roman arms prevail ; our broken ranks
In wild confusion fly.

EGBERT.

EGBERT.

And Inguiomer,
Say, what of him?

OFFICER.

He founded a retreat;
To the Visurgis he directs his course;
On t'other side Arminius is arriv'd,
Sound a retreat; retire, ere yet the Romans
Hew down the bridge.

EGBERT.

This terrible disaster
Has ruin'd all; the siege at length is rais'd;
Withdraw, my friends; flight is our only safety.
[Exit with the rest.]

SCENE XI. *A Shout within; a triumphant March is sounded: Enter CÆCINA, followed by Officers, the Eagles, and Colours, with S. P. Q. R. in large Letters.*

CÆCINA.

This day, my fellow-soldiers, this great day
Has added lustre to the Roman name.
The genius, and good auspices of Rome
Have led us on to conquest; by your valour
Not the foe only, but the rugged nature
Of this wild savage country has been conquer'd.
The castle is reliev'd; now let our friends
Throw wide their gates, and here with grateful hearts
Hail their deliverers.

[The folding Gates are thrown open; the
Soldiers march forward, and after them
SEGESTES.]

CÆCINA.

CÆCINA.

Segestes, you are welcome ; welcome to your friends,
To life, and liberty.

SEGESTES.

If ardent zeal
By me exerted in the cause of Rome,
Claims your regard, I have not toil'd in vain.

CÆCINA.

Your zeal is known and felt : Germanicus,
Wife, just, and equitable, and still intent
On all th' events of war, no sooner learn'd
That by (b) Arminius you were here pent up,
Than by his orders with a chosen band,
O'er a long track of moors, and fens, and forests
I march'd to your relief.

SEGESTES.

The virtues of your chief
I honour, and esteem : He has my thanks.

CÆCINA.

Of his regard you will have further proof.
For worth like yours new honours are intended.

SEGESTES.

I want no honours : While I thus address you,
You see a man, who knows nor guilt nor fear.
The Deified Augustus (c) in the class
Of Roman citizens enroll'd my name.
Proud of that title, I have since remain'd
Faithful to Rome, and yet my country's friend,
The friend of Germany. My voice was ever,
For peace with Rome, for harmony, and friendship
Between both nations.

CÆCINA.

Had your voice been heard—

SEGESTES.

SEGESTES.

I had no influence ; that flaming brand,
That torch of discord, that ambitious chief,
Arminius, wing'd with the vaunt lightning's speed,
In ev'ry region call'd aloud to arms ;
To arms against Segestes, and his friends ;
To arms against the Romans : Ev'n now,
He rushes forward, like the lion rous'd,
Lashing his sides, and goaded on to fury.
'Tis said, he brings all Germany in arms.

CÆCINA.

To blast his frantic hopes, Germanicus
By rapid marches from the distant Rhine
Comes with his vet'ran troops: Are all your friends
Releas'd from yonder castle ?

SEGESTES.

They went forth
At th' Eastern gate.

CÆCINA.

Did Segimund, your son,
Endure the hardships of the siege ?

SEGESTES.'

With grief,
And burning blushes I recall his name.
He has revolted (*d*) ; three whole years have pass'd
Since last these eyes beheld him. He, I fear,
Has join'd Arminius. Lo ! our train of women
Comes forth in slow procession.

SCENE

SCENE XII. *A Number of Women from the Castle, and after them VELEDA, in pensive Silence; her Hands strained to her Bosom, and her Eyes fixed on her Womb (c).*

SEGESTES.

Lo! Veleda!
You there behold my daughter.

CÆCINA.

There I see
In that fair form, in that majestic mien,
Each blooming grace, and dignity of mind.

SEGESTES.

She was my only joy, my best delight,
My lov'd Veleda, till with treach'rous arts
Arminius stole her from her father's arms.

CÆCINA.

Afflicted fair! why does that cloud of sorrow
Obscure those eyes, and bend you to the earth,
Like some fair flower beneath the beating rain
That droops its languid head? Dispell your grief,
And let those eyes no more be dimn'd with tears.

VELEDA.

Tears have forgot to flow; their source is dry.
Despair is now the portion of a wretch,
Whom you have robb'd of all her soul holds dear.

CÆCINA.

Why charge my conduct?

VELEDA.

Wedded to Arminius,
Why am I sever'd from him?

CÆCINA.

CÆCINA.

That, you know,
Was by your father's order.

VELEDA.

Even now
I bear the fruit of our connubial loves.
And must my infant, must my blameless child
Be born in slavery ?

CÆCINA.

Germanicus
Will soon be here : The virtues of the Prince,
His tender sympathy, his social love
Will soften all your cares, and give you comfort.

VELEDA.

Think you a heart like mine, a German heart,
That without liberty deems life a burthen,
Think you a mind so form'd will bear to live
A day, an hour in execrable bondage ?
Is that the comfort Rome affords the wretched ?

CÆCINA.

Ungen'rous thought ! for you a safe retreat
Shall be assign'd in the delightful clime
Of Italy, where grief and busy care
No more shall cloud the sunshine of your days.

VELEDA.

And can the charms of luxury and vice,
Can warmer suns, and soft Italian seasons
Lull to repose a mind upon the rack ?
Infuse a base oblivion of my friends,
And my lost husband ? In our boisterous clime
Fair liberty can soften all our cares.
'Midst forests, rocks, and fens, and hills of ice,
It is our sun : It gilds the horizon round.

D

CÆCINA.

CÆCINA.

[To SEGESTES.]

I see the spirit of Arminius
Not of her father, kindles in her breast,
And thus inflames a weak deluded mind.
Veleda, hear me.

VELEDA.

Must I hence be dragg'd
A wretched captive, with my babe unborn,
Far from my native land? And do you Romans
Unsheathe your swords to triumph o'er a woman?
Do you wage war with infants in the *womb*?

CÆCINA.

Speak your request.

VELEDA.

Restore me to my husband.

CÆCINA.

Segestes, Speak your will.

SEGESTES.

'Tis yours to judge;
Yours to decide, which has the strongest claim
Her husband, or her father. She is the wife
Of fierce Arminius, (*f*) and she sprung from me.

CÆCINA.

Since sprung from you, she merits gentle treatment:
Arminius will be struck with Roman virtue.
Veleda, you are free; a chosen band
In safety shall conduct you to your friends.

[Exit with Officers, &c.]

SCENE

SCENE XIII. SEGESTES, VELEDA.

SEGESTES.

Alas! my daughter, can you leave me thus?

VELEDA.

And will you linger in this hostile camp?

SEGESTES.

The duty that a daughter owes her parent—

VELEDA.

Our country is our parent: 'tis to her
Our love, our duty, all our faculties,
Our wealth, our pow'r, our very lives are due.
She is the common mother of us all.
To you she calls; to you she lifts her hands;
She tears her hair; implores you not to plunge
A Roman Javelin in her matron breast.

Enter an Officer.

OFFICER.

A chosen band is ready to conduct you
To the Vifurgis' banks.

VELEDA.

Alas! my father,
Here must I leave you?

SEGESTES.

Go, farewell, my child.

VELEDA.

Yet, ere we part, should the embattled armies
Meet in fierce conflict, let my warning voice
Withhold you from the field; whether you fall,
Or conquer, friends in a fierce civil war

ARMINIUS.

Die by the hands of friends; remember still,
'Tis kindred blood that stains the crimson plain.

SEGESTES.

Farewell, my child.

[Exit.

VELEDA,

[Looking after him.

Farewell; perhaps for ever.

May all the Gods of Germany direct him.

[Exit.

End of the First Act

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I. *An open Plain, with the German Camp at the further end; German Soldiers in different Groups.*

EGBERT, GOTHMUND.

EGBERT.

GOTHMUND, this hurry, this tumultuous uproar
Is big with doubt, and fear, and wild distraction.

GOTHMUND.

The harbinger perhaps of victory.

EGBERT.

Would it were true: This soldier may inform us.

Enter a Soldier.

SOLDIER.

Far as my eye could stretch, I saw our men,
From yonder western bank, march o'er the bridge.

GOTHMUND.

Perhaps some canton sends auxiliary force
To join Arminius's army.

Enter SEGIMUND.

EGBERT.

Segimund!

What have you seen? What tidings do you bring us?

SEGIMUND,

SEGIMUND.

From yon steep hill, imbrown'd with waving woods,
 I saw the Roman eagles; saw their legions
 On the embattled plain; I saw them rush
 With force resistless on the broken ranks
 Of our inferior numbers. Flush'd with victory
 They hung upon our rear, till the Visergis
 Check'd their career of slaughter. Lo! this way
 The valiant Inguiomer.

SCENE II. *Enter INGUIOMER, followed by Officers
 and Soldiers.*

INGUIOMER.

Ye Gods of Germany, forgive your soldier,
 If overpower'd by number I retreated,
 To save my gallant warriors from the sword.
 What man could dare, I ventur'd. Witness for me
 This blunted sabre, and this shiver'd javelin,
 And this my shield with honourable marks
 Pierc'd and indented.

SEGIMUND.

In your country's cause
 Your zeal and ardour have been long the theme
 Of gen'ral praise.

INGUIOMER.

Yet to be thus compell'd
 To raise the siege, afflicts and goads my heart.
 It withers all my laurels.

SEGIMUND.

Does my father
 Follow the Roman banners?

INGUIOMER.

INGUOMER.

Yes ; Segestes
Is fix'd in guilt. Ere this, brave Segimund,
The castle has surrender'd to the Romans.

SEGIMUND.

And is Velea, is my sister left
To pine in bondage ? Must Arminius's wife
Be led in sad captivity to Rome ?

INGUOMER.

Too sure she must : her father wills it so.

SEGIMUND.

This vile indignity with ten-fold rage
Will fire our gallant chief ; will kindle fury
In ev'ry German breast, and send the javelin
Launch'd with redoubled vigour to its mark.

INGUOMER.

Thou brave young man, had your heroic virtue
Inspir'd Segestes, he had now been happy,
Lov'd by Arminius, honour'd by his country ;
But now the tainted rebel brands his name.

SEGIMUND.

He seiz'd me in his arms, and from my friends
Bore me unconscious, yet of tender years,
To join the Romans. (a) At the Ubian altar
Administer'd an oath ; an impious oath,
To list me in his league against my country.
Three years have pass'd, since last these eyes beheld him.
I scarce should know him now. As soon as reason
Dawn'd on my soul, I saw the horrid guilt
Of waging war against my native land.
I fled through forests drear ; I lurk'd in caves,

And

And roam'd from place to place, from state to state,
Till late I join'd the standard of Arminius.

INGUIOMER.

Yonder I see him; Lo! he comes this way.

SCENE III. *Enter ARMINIUS, Officers and Soldiers.*

ARMINIUS.

My fellow-warriors, my brave gallant friends,
Ye gen'rous sons of freedom, you are welcome
To the Visurgi's banks. Arminius
With open arms receives you. Though repuls'd
By the superior numbers of the foe,
You have dar'd nobly.—Inguiomer, thou brave,
Heroic chief, th' invader will not long
Enjoy his victory. I come in force
To check his pride; from all the German states,
Far as the Danube to the Northern ocean,
I bring embodied nations to the field.

INGUIOMER.

I form'd a close blockade; but still Segestes,
The base, the willing slave of his new masters,
Scorn'd to capitulate. Meantime Cæcina
Advanc'd against me with superior numbers.
My little army call'd aloud to battle.
I led them on.

ARMINIUS.

I know it, Inguiomer;
I know each circumstance; you've acted bravely.
And has Segestes with his garrison
March'd forth to swear fidelity to Rome?

INGUIOMER.

INGUIOMER.

So says the voice of fame.

SEGIMUND.

And there my sister,
My lov'd Veleda, she must there remain
In sad captivity?

ARMINIUS.

Thou generous youth,
Thou worthy son of an ignoble father,
Much I esteem your ardour; much I honour
Your early virtue. But, your keen reflection
Plants daggers in my heart. Arminius's wife
Led in captivity! Distracting thought!
Come, dire revenge! inspire me with the rage
Of the stern God of War, that I may pour
Destruction on th' Italian spoiler's head,
And whelm his legions in one mangled heap,
A sacrifice to vengeance.

INGUIOMER.

You have roused
All that is man within me, for that scene
Of glorious havoc, for that just revenge
My bosom pants. Come, lead me to the onset.
I burn to follow through the thickest ranks,
And there to vie with your heroic deeds.

ARMINIUS.

Inguiomer, we oft have fought together,
And seen each other's valour. In my tent
A council shall be held. We there will plan
The time, and order of our grand assault.
Cæcina is deliver'd by the gods,
He and his army, to the slaught'ring sword.
This moment, Segimund, do you go forth,
And issue orders, that our scouts may range

The country round, and with due care explore
The motions of the enemy ; their works,
And station of their camp.

SEGIMUND.

Forthwith your orders,
Shall be obeyed.

[Exit SEGIMUND.]

INGUIOMER.

A warlike soul like thine
Thinks nothing done, while aught is unperform'd,
One glorious onset will consummate all,
And that, I see, is lab'ring in your breast.
The time for fiery expedition calls ;
One blow decides the war. By cold delay
We hazard all ; for should Germanicus—

ARMINIUS.

Does he alarm you ?

INGUIOMER.

In the adverse camp
He is expected with his vet'ran legions.
So say the pris'ners, whom our troops have led
O'er the Visurgis : it is sure intelligence.

ARMINIUS.

Have you not heard the great, the glorious tidings ?
Germanicus, in a career of victory,
Far as th' Amisia's banks * had led his legions.
He there made halt ; he paus'd, and saw the danger
Of tracing back his steps far as the Rhine,
Midst hostile nations, all in ambush waiting
To hang upon his rear. The coward fled
For shelter to his ships ; he spread his sails,
And trusted to the waves. The Northern ocean,

* Now the *Emis*, near *Embsay*.

Vast in circumference, tempestuous, deep
Gave him no refuge. Soon a storm arose,
And heav'd the mountain billows to the sky.
His fleet was scatter'd; (*b*) some in distant isles
Were dash'd on pointed rocks; by whirlwinds driv'n;
The rest have perish'd in the brawling surge.

INGUIOMER.

So perish all, who dare invade our country.

ARMINIUS.

Where now Germanicus?—Upon some rock
Perhaps he rolls his eyes around the wat'ry main,
And there surveys the wreck of all his hopes;
His boasted eagles in the roaring deep
All sunk, and swallow'd up. No aid from him
Cæcina can expect. In yonder camp
We hold another (*c*) Varus and his legions.

SCENE IV. *Enter SEGIMUND.*

ARMINIUS.

Why, Segimund, that eager haste?—What means
That sudden clangor? [*A trumpet is heard at a distance.*]

SEGIMUND.

As I took my station
Far as the verge of yonder level plain,
My straining eye perceiv'd a well-oar'd galley,
Cross the Visurgis: From the highest mast
The olive branch, the harbinger of peace,
Was manifest to view.

ARMINIUS.

The olive branch!
This, Inguioimer, is Roman policy:
In their distress they are the friends of peace.

E 2

INGUIOMER.

INGUIOMER.

Lo ! they are near at hand : might I advise,
Admit them to a calm, a patient hearing.

SCENE V. *Enter MARCUS, with Roman Soldiers and Standards.*

MARCUS.

To thee, Arminius, our brave Roman chief
Sends me with terms of kind and friendly import,
To thee too, Inguiomer, he proffers friendship.
Oft have I seen you in the ranks of war
Enacting prodigies of valour.

ARMINIUS.

Say,
Unfold your purpose . Why approach our camp ?

MARCUS.

Cæcina means to prove the moderation
That sways his councils, and by me he sends
A present, that he knows will glad your heart.
He sends your wife : Lo ! where Veleda comes.

Enter VELEDA.

MARCUS.

Once more she's yours : (*Takes her hand*)—I thus resign
her to you.

ARMINIUS.

Can this be possible ? Surprise and wonder
O'erpow'r each faculty :—Once more Veleda,
Thus do I see you ?—What no God could promise,
We are allow'd to meet again in life.
I shall go wild with joy : And do I see you
Once more restor'd to these fond circling arms ?

VELEDA.

ARMINIUS.

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VELEDA.

My brave, my honour'd husband ! Once again,
Free'd from captivity, releas'd from bondage,
A German wife, whose (*d*) hymeneal gods
Form all her bliss, her only joy on earth,
Revisits her lost husband ; in his arms
Enjoys her sacred rights—this rapture swells
Above all bounds, and thus in tears of joy
Will force its way. *[Embracing him.*

ARMINIUS.

Thou dear, thou tender pledge
Of constancy and love ! To fold thee thus,
Is joy and victory. Not ev'n the day,
That saw me triumph o'er three slaughter'd legions,
And Germany reliev'd from proud oppression ;
When not a Roman Eagle hover'd o'er us,
And with one loud acclaim consenting nations,
Hail'd me, " the brave deliverer of Germany ;"
Not ev'n that day with such sincere delight
Inspir'd my soul, as that which now transports me,
When ! Gracious Gods ! When thus I call you mine.
[Embracing her.

And did your father, did that haughty rebel
Resign you to me ?

VELEDA.

No ; it was his wish
With pride, and fix'd hostility to you,
To hold me still in bondage ; but Cæcina
With mild humanity releas'd me to you.
My brother here ! Here in Arminius' camp, *[Seeing Segi-*
The soldier of his country ! *[mund.*

SEGIMUND.

ARMINIUS.

SEGIMUND.

Oh! My sister,
Your great example in my country's cause
Inspires my soul with more than common ardour,

VELEDA.

Thou brave, thou gen'rous youth! [*They embrace.*]

MARCUS.

Cæcina scorns to wage a war with women.
Though adverse in the field, he still regards
A husband's rights, and sends you back your wife.

ARMINIUS.

To own an obligation to a Roman,
To me is thralldom: Yet he has my thanks.

MARCUS.

Cæcina means to give you stronger proof,
That moderation governs all his actions.
If you will listen to his just proposals,
By his ambassador he means to offer
Fair terms of peace,

VELEDA.

I had forgot: Your brother,
Who came the leader of a Roman cohort,
To see me safe deliver'd to your arms,
Explain'd the Roman General's design.

ARMINIUS.

Where is my brother now?

MARCUS.

Close to yon bank
He halted with his men.

ARMINIUS.

Inform your General,
When hostages in form have been exchange'd,

By

ARMINIUS.

31

By his ambassador he then may send
His overtures of peace.

MARCUS.

I shall report
Your answer to Cæcina.

ARMINIUS.

Will you grace
Your Roman name by one more liberal act?

MARCUS.

Speak your request.

ARMINIUS.

My brother's near at hand ;
You Romans call him Flavius : Will you grant
One friendly interview ? Though leagu'd with Rome,
He is my brother still.

MARCUS.

Withdraw your guards ;
To Inguiomer deliver up your sabre,
That no rude outrage may disturb your meeting.

ARMINIUS.

I promise it—(*gives up his sabre*)—you have my plight-
ed faith.

MARCUS.

Together you may hold a friendly parley ;
He shall attend you here.

ARMINIUS.

You have my thanks ;
Farewell, Velea ; Segimund conduct her
To my pavillion. You my friends retire. [*They go out.*]

SCENE

SCENE VI. ARMINIUS *alone*.

Since he revolted to the Roman banners,
 Four times the sun hath made his annual round,
 And in that time these eyes have not beheld him. ¹
 Inspire me, Gods, with mild persuasive speech,
 With words of pow'r, to wake each tender feeling,
 And melt into his heart. But lo ! he comes.

SCENE VII. ARMINIUS, FLAVIUS, (*c*).

ARMINIUS.

I wish'd to see a brother : By that name
 Can I address you, while that Roman garb
 Declares hostility, and speaks the man
 Who has renounc'd his friends, abjur'd his country,
 And bears a heart, that to the pulse of nature
 Answers no more ?

FLAVIUS.

Accuse me not unjustly :
 I meet Arminius with a brother's love.

ARMINIUS.

Say you behold me, with the pious love
 You owe your country, and with joy, with rapture
 Arminius springs to clasp you in his arms.

FLAVIUS.

Though I come hither from the adverse camp,
 And follow Cæsar's standard; yet my country,
 The welfare of all Germany, the peace,
 And happiness of millions, strongly plead
 Here in this bosom ; those the pow'ful motives
 That urge me to the war.

ARMINIUS.

ARMINIUS.

And by that war,
Is slavery the boon you mean to grant
To your devoted country ? For those bright,
Those noble motives, does that burnish'd helm
Display its lustre ?

FLAVIUS.

This high plumed helmet (*taking it off*)
Germanicus with his own warlike hand
Plac'd on my brow.

ARMINIUS.

And that unseemly scar,
That marks your forehead, and deforms your visage,
What gen'rous hand bestow'd it ?

FLAVIUS.

On the banks
Of the Adrana *, where the Cattian nation,
After a battle obstinately fought,
Gave way at length to the undaunted valour
Of veteran troops, I saw a Roman press'd
By a fierce German with his lifted sabre,
When instantly I flew to his relief,
And then receiv'd this honourable wound,
But sav'd a Roman citizen from death.

ARMINIUS.

For that exploit, that great heroic deed,
What was your recompence ?

FLAVIUS.

A civic crown (*f*),
A military chain, and other honours,
That grace the Roman's valour.

* Now the Eder, in the Landgravate of Hesse.

ARMINIUS.

Did those honours
Glare in your eye, and lure you from your country?

FLAVIUS.

They are my noblest pride.

ARMINIUS.

(With a sneering laugh)—You have the wages
Of a slave cheaply bought (*g*).

FLAVIUS.

Controul this violence;
I have not merited this keen reproach.

ARMINIUS.

And do those baubles pay you for your treason?
Contempt and laughter mix with indignation.
Thou base deserter!

FLAVIUS.

Brother, if you knew
The Roman character—

ARMINIUS.

Full well I know it.
The nations of the world too long have groan'd
Beneath their iron rod: And shall your Cæsars,
Your Cæsars deified, and for their crimes
Enroll'd among the Gods of Rome, shall they,
Who trample on their Senate, and their people,
Demand the homage of a free-born race,
And bid the Northern world embrace the yoke?

FLAVIUS.

Germanicus is lov'd where'er he's known.
He leads the armies of Imperial Rome
To fame and victory. Where now the spirit
Of the TUBANTES, and the CATTIAN state?

They

They have submitted, and the Roman chief
Ensures his conquest by the arts of peace.
He wins all hearts ; he calls the wand'ring savage
From fens, from forests, and from hills of snow
To settled mansions ; teaches them to form
New laws, new cities ; to enjoy the sweets
Of civil union, and of polish'd life.

ARMINIUS.

Their arts of polish'd life are Roman vices,
The baits of luxury ; the balefull charm,
That mingles in the cup delicious poison
To sweeten slavery.

[FLAVIUS.

No more I'll bear
This torrent of abuse.

ARMINIUS.

With patience hear me:
I now descend to humble supplications,
I now conjure you by the sacred ties
Of honour ; by the love (*b*) *you owe your country,*
Atone for what is past ; renounce your treason.
By me your mother prays, implores, beseeches you,
Not to betray your family and friends.
Think of the vast renown of leading armies
To serve your country : To that glorious conduct
Will you prefer the vile detested name
Of a deserter, a perfidious traitor ?

FLAVIUS.

Here break we off ; here end this impious strain
Against the lords, and sov'reigns of the world ;
The friends of human kind. Opposing them,
'Tis you betray the interests of humanity.

Hither I came disarm'd, or my good falchion
Should vindicate the cause of Roman virtue.

ARMINIUS.

Presumptuous man ! I dare thee to the field.
What ho ! bring forth my arms.

Enter MARCUS.

MARCUS.

Controul this rage ;
On terms of peace this interview was granted,
Flavius withdraw ; you're wanted at your post.

FLAVIUS.

Farewell, Arminius ; may we never meet
In the embattled field. *[Exit with Marcus.]*

ARMINIUS.

Thou traitor, go,
And 'midst the armed files avoid my sword.
And yet,—must brothers meet in adverse arms ?
In kindred blood must they imbrue their javelins ?
'Tis ever thus, when discontent and faction
Brood over fancied ills, and fire with rage
Sons against fathers, brothers against brothers.
'Tis horror all, and worse than civil war.

End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The German Camp.*

VELEDA, SEGIMUND.

VELEDA.

OH! Segimund, to see you thus my brother,
Arm'd in your country's cause; to see you here,
Here in Arminius's camp, once more restor'd
To your best friends, your country, and your gods,
Expands my tow'ring soul above all bounds.
My joy wants words; 'tis speechless ecstasy.

SEGIMUND.

Thanks to the gods, who lent a ray of truth
To light and guide me to the paths of honour.
I saw my father's guilt; I saw him join'd
In a flagitious league against his country.
There ceas'd a father's power; there clos'd for ever
All his authority: in vice and treason
I ow'd him no obedience.

VELEDA.

Your first duty
You owe your country; and you now discharge it,
Dear to your friends, ennobled by your virtue.

SEGIMUND.

Oh! had my father, and Arminius's brother,
Glow'd with due feeling for their country's wrongs,

And

And in their bosoms own'd the sacred flame
Of public liberty; we then together
Might join Arminius, and together tread
The paths of war, with mutual ardour fir'd,
All gen'rous rivals in the field of glory.

VELEDA.

Alas! vain hope: Segeftes views Arminius
With deadly hate, implacable, and fierce,
Fix'd in his heart: it gangrees there like poison.
With that fell fury he made me his pris'ner.

SEGIMUND.

And did he mean to drag you in his train,
Through all the horrors of wide wasting war?

VELEDA.

No; I was destin'd to a distant clime,
To some Italian city; there, he said,
Perpetual spring, and sun-enliven'd scenes
Would teach me to abhor our northern tempests;
There wean me from my friends, and from the love
I bear Arminius. But, oh! not for me
Gay gilded scenes, and bright Italian suns;
No, let me wander on the mountains' ridge;
Roam through the forest; in the rapid bark
Ply the tough oar, and glide along the stream;
Give me my humble clay-built tenement;
Free from a master let me call it mine;
That thought, though tempests gather o'er my head,
Will warm my heart amidst eternal snöws.

SEGIMUND.

Arminius by his care those rights will guard.
Ere long he means to give a loose to war.
Gods! should my father join the hostile ranks!
My heart recoils with horror at the thought.

VELEDA.

VELEDA.

Dispel your fears, nor thus anticipate
Imaginary ills.

SCENE II. *To them* ARMINIUS.

VELEDA.

Arminius, welcome,
Your presence sooths my soul to peace and joy.

ARMINIUS.

Oh! my Velea! By your late misfortunes
Endear'd, and now more welcome to my arms!
It joys me much to find you thus engag'd
In parley with your brother: Segimund,
Observe her well; her councils will direct,
And guide your steps: she differs from her father.

SEGIMUND.

She breathes the energy of truth and virtue.
Your camp to me is the true school of honour.

ARMINIUS.

Heroic youth! with an observant eye
I've mark'd your zeal for liberty; your prompt
Undaunted valour, and your love of glory.
The noblest gift a German chief can give,
Shall grace your merit. Go to my pavillion,
And by my orders you will there receive
A warlike horse, (*a*) with a victorious lance
Deep ting'd with Roman blood.

SEGIMUND.

This gen'rous proof
Of your esteem, shall with the love of fame
Inspire my soul, and kindle all its fires.

ARMINIUS.

ARMINIUS.

ARMINIUS.

A grand exploit, a vast, a glorious enterprize
Will soon take place: To you shall be assign'd
A post of honour. Inguiomer has help'd
To plan our measures; he will tell you all.

[Exit SEGIMUND.]

SCENE III.

ARMINIUS, VELEDA.

VELEDA.

With pride I see a brother's early virtue.

ARMINIUS.

Your gen'rous spirit animates his frame,
One soul informs you both.—Veleda, tell me
Do you bring with you to your husband's arms
Unblemish'd honour? Do you now return
Pure, and immaculate, unstain'd, unviolated
By the proud spoiler, the Italian robber?

VELEDA.

No ruffian dar'd with brutal violence
Assault my virtue: torn from your embrace
Life had no charms, and death had lost his terror.
That was my safe guard: she who dares to die,
Protects herself; the guardian of her honour.

ARMINIUS.

Thou best of women! in the hour of peace
My joy, my comfort; in the embattled field,
The brave inspirer of all martial deeds!
To hear thy voice; to have thee in the rear
The witness of my conduct, (b) the applauder

Of

Of ev'ry gallant action, gives an edge
To my keen falchion, nerves my lifted arm,
And gives fresh ardour in my country's cause.

VELEDA.

Our nuptial rites instructed me in all
The rigid duties of a German wife.
The sword, the shield, the spear, and other gifts,
Were the firm bonds (c) of our connubial union,
Our hymenial gods. From them I learn'd,
It was my contract, my religious vow
To be your partner in all toil and danger,
To share your pains, and dare with you in war.

ARMINIUS.

You have dar'd nobly with me: in the shock
Of the embattled lines, one thought of thee
Wing'd with the light'ning's speed has sent me forward
Into the thickest danger. From the field
Your care receiv'd me, rous'd my drooping strength,
Reviv'd my spirit, as you counted o'er
Each honourable scar, and dress'd my wounds.

VELEDA.

Then, in those moments to embrace my soldier,
To count with praise his honourable wounds;
Apply the healing balm of plants and flow'rs,
And aromatic shrubs, was the delight,
The tender office of a faithful wife,
Who saw her hero in his country's cause
Defying danger, prodigal of blood,
The great deliverer of Germany.

ARMINIUS.

Grant me that triumph, ye benignant gods,
Crown me with that renown; I then shall say,
I've liv'd enough, (d) for nature and for glory.

G

VELEDA.

VELEDA.

Glory like yours no injuries of time
 Will e'er extinguish; in immortal bloom
 Your dear-bought laurels will for ever flourish.
 Your zeal for liberty shall be the theme
 Of the whole northern world. To fame like yours
 The bards of Germany (*e*) shall tune their harps,
 And in immortal strains send down your name
 To future times, and with their pious hymns,
 Their sacred minstrelsy, by your example
 In flame posterity to brave exploit.

SCENE IV. *To them* INGUIOMER.

ARMINIUS.

What tidings, Inguiomer?

INGUIOMER.

I've seen the posts,
 The camp, the works, and numbers of the foe.
 Where the Visurgis pours a shallower stream,
 Join'd by a chosen band I forded over,
 And watch'd the motions of CÆCINA's army.
 On a long narrow neck of solid ground,
 With fens and marshes round him, close pent up,
 Upon an isthmus in the wat'ry waste,
 Their legions are inclos'd. I saw their soldiers
 All busy at the works: entrenchments, ramparts,
 And mounds of turf thrown up with sudden haste
 Are now their only hope.

ARMINIUS.

Cæcina there
 Is insulated; there imprison'd close
 By fens and marshes. By my special order

A chosen

A chosen band already stand prepar'd
To issue forth, and gain by diff'rent roads
The summit of yon hills; there to unflue
All the whole store of long collected waters,
And deluge all the vale.

INGUIOMER.

The Romans then
May look aghast, and shudder at their fate.

ARMINIUS.

The sun declining slopes his western wheels,
And deep'ning into gloom the lazy clouds
Promise a night to veil the face of things.
The troops design'd to circle round the hills,
And lie in ambush there; are they drawn up,
And ready for their enterprize?

INGUIOMER.

They are, all eager for the march: yet ere they start,
They wish to hear your animating voice,
And from yourself receive their final orders.

ARMINIUS.

My gallant friends shall hear me; Inguiomer,
I go with joy to see their warlike spirit.
I leave you now, Velea: at the dawn,
A glorious scene of havoc and revenge,
A noble spectacle shall glad your eyes.
Trust to my care; you still shall live in freedom. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. VELEDA, INGUIOMER.

VELEDA.

[*Looking after him.*]

By you defended, by your gen'rous efforts
Protected, guarded, Germany is safe

From the oppressor's rod. In him we see
The godlike spirit of those ancient worthies
Who toil'd, or bled for liberty and laws.

INGUIOMER.

Years have elaps'd, since by his patriot ardour
Expell'd, exterminated the Romans fled
Beyond the Rhine. Their boasted Emperor,
Their deified Augustus, dar'd no more
Invade the land: his schemes of wild ambition
By one great overthrow he saw defeated,
He pass'd his days in misery of heart;
Wept for his loss, and like a puny infant
Cried, "Varus, Varus, (f) give me back my legions."

VELEDA.

Oh! may Tiberius, who usurps the name
Of Cæsar, may that fell, that savage tyrant,
That monster of iniquity and fraud,
Before the dawn relumes the purpled East,
Oh! may Arminius give him ample cause
To mourn his slaughter'd legions; may he shed
The tear of bitt'rest anguish, on the rack
Of a mind torn and goaded by his crimes.

INGUIOMER.

This very night we storm the Roman camp.
Our plan is form'd; our measures are concerted;
Your brother will lead on a chosen band,
A brave battalion: There the gen'rous youth
May by his deeds immortalize his name.

VELEDA.

I doubt him not: Within his bosom glows
The hero, and the patriot. Since the Gods
Restor'd me to my friends, this very day
I saw my brother busy at his post;

I paus'd,

I paus'd, and listen'd to him; then I heard
The language of his heart: A train of bards
With fervent zeal in slow procession came,
Chaunting their heav'nly strains. "My brother cried,
"Come, see me fighting in my country's cause.
"If victory attends me (*g*), to your annals
"Add a young warrior; if I fall in battle,
"Record my memory."

INGUOMER,

He gives an earnest
Of matchless worth, the rival of Arminius.

SCENE VI. *To them* GOTHMUND.

GOTHMUND.

A barge, with streamers waving to the wind,
Has cross'd the river, and ev'n now she lies
Close anchor'd near the shore. The Roman chief
Sends his ambassador.

INGUOMER,

And have you seen
Arminius?

GOTHMUND,

With some chosen officers
He holds a Council in his tent; and there
I could not trespass on his privacy.

VELEDA.

Be mine that task; from me he will not deem it
Ill-judg'd intrusion; I will seek him straight. *[Exit.*

GOTHMUND.

Ere this the Deputy has reach'd our camp.
Think you he brings such equitable terms,

As

As may conciliate peace between the nations,
And close the scene of carnage and destruction?

INGUIOMER.

'Tis fit he should have audience : But in vain,
I fear, he comes : Our frantic foes,
Enur'd to war, with mad ambition fir'd,
And flush'd with hope of universal empire,
Will ne'er agree to give the world a peace,
On the broad base of justice, and the laws
That bind consenting nations.

SCENE VII. *The back Scene draws : In the middle a
Throne raised with Turf : A warlike March : Soldiers
walk forward, and line the Stage on both sides : AR-
MINIUS following, and takes his Seat.*

ARMINIUS.

At length the Roman general sees the streights,
To which his scanty numbers are reduc'd.
Destruction hovers o'er him ; in despair,
Which he calls lenity, and Roman virtue,
By his ambassador he offers terms.
But what ambassador ?—That hoary traitor,
Segestes is his delegate : By him
He hopes to grace his cause ; that vile deserter,
That foe to liberty, that friend of Rome,
Brings his insidious overtures : He comes
To varnish o'er the slavery he loves.
Conduct him hither ; let the traitor enter.

SCENE

SCENE VIII. *Enter Soldiers bearing Ensigns and Eagles, and after them SEGESTES.*

ARMINIUS.

Ere now, Segestes, we have often met
On better terms; together we have fought
Th' embattled foe, our hearts with equal ardour
Panting for glory, and our pointed javelins
Thirsting for hostile blood. But now that bond
Of gen'rous union is dissolv'd for ever.

SEGESTES.

Judge not too rashly: Still this bosom glows
With social love; still feels the sympathy
Of kind affections; anger and resentment
For my lost daughter now subside in peace.
Foes in the field, in private we are friends.

ARMINIUS.

Friendship is founded on the noblest basis;
On generous sentiment, and public virtue;
On truth, on honour, and congenial minds.
Treason and honour never can embrace.
Now, speak your embassy: I long to hear
The orator of Rome.

SEGESTES.

My embassy
Aims at the peace of Germany and Rome.
Wide wasting war too long has made the land
A scene of desolation. Helpless widows,
Afflicted virgins, and unhappy orphans
Are bath'd in tears. Your fields are cover'd o'er
With the unburied limbs of slaughter'd soldiers,
Romans and Germans; all your sacred groves

Are

Are levell'd in the dust, and all your rivers
Surcharg'd with blood run purple to the sea :

ARMINIUS.

But whence those horrors ? Say, with truth declare,
Who were the authors of that wild destruction ?

SEGESTES.

To trace our mutual errors to their source,
And on the Roman, or Cheruscan name
To fix the cause, is not within my province.
I come the harbinger of peace ; I come,
To state the message of the Roman chief.
It is his wish by justice, and by mercy,
Not by the sword, to win consenting hearts,
To call the wand'ring German to the arts
Of polish'd manners, and of social life.
'Tis on this basis he would raise his trophies,
His truest glory.

ARMINIUS.

Still I'm lost in darkness :
Wherefore this torrent of superfluous speech ?
If your new masters call it eloquence,
And Roman oratory, still to us
'Tis the mere pomp of words, and vain parade.
You come to offer peace ; declare your terms.

SEGESTES.

Thus then Cæcina by my voice informs you.
Let the Visurgis be the western boundary
Of the Cheruscan state: From thence the country,
Far as the Albis *, whose impetuous course

* Now the ELBE.

Empties its current in the Northern sea,
Shall be your vast domain.

ARMINIUS.

Yet tell me more :
Th' extensive region from the Western bank—

SEGESTES.

Far as the Rhine the nations shall submit
To the mild sway, the wisdom, and the laws,
By which the glory of Imperial Rome
Means to reform, and humanize the world.

ARMINIUS.

[*Rising.*

Is this the boasted justice of your masters ?
And is it thus they humanize the world ?

SEGESTES.

Where'er they penetrate, fair order dawns.

ARMINIUS.

Where'er they penetrate, oppression follows.

SEGESTES.

The whole Cheruscan state is granted to you.
You wage no war for conquest.

ARMINIUS.

The Cheruscans
Wish for no conquest ; conquest is the aim
Of murd'rer's flush'd with insolence and pride.
The fell ambition of the haughty Romans
Gave us, in evil hour ! Between the Rhine
And the Visurgis to behold their eagles,
Their lictors, tribunes (*b*), and their vile collectors,
Exactions, tributes, cruelty and lust ;
Rapine and murder !—These are their exploits ;
A band of robbers !—Are the nations rich ?

H

Happy

Happy and thriving (*i*) ? Roman avarice
 Becomes their foe. Do they endure distress,
 And pine in want ? Roman ambition still
 Aims at new victory : To them alike
 The wealth and poverty of nations ; all
 Must fall before your sov'reigns of the world.
 To rob and ravage is their art of war,
 And when they've made a solitude around them,
 They call it peace.

SEGESTES.

Their offer now imports
 A firm, a lasting peace : Within your limits
 Live safe, and uninvaded : Rome is willing
 On terms to grant a vast extensive region.

ARMINIUS.

[*Rising.*

Think you I mean to merchandize (*k*) the war ?
 To barter part of Germany ? By sale,
 And vile exchange, to traffic for our own ?
 Go tell your General my last resolve. [*Coming forward.*
 Let him give back my country ; let him give
 To free-born men their unmolested rights,
 Their plan of laws, their temples, and their gods.
 From the Visurgis let him call his legions ;
 Repass the Rhine, and on the side of Gaul
 Enjoy the bank, which your divine Augustus
 Vainly call'd Germany ; there let him dwell
 In fullen majesty, and let his Eagles
 No more, like Vultures, hover o'er our heads.
 Let him do this, Arminius grants him peace.

SEGESTES.

This haughty answer with redoubled fury
 Will light the flame of war, and once again
 Wide wasting slaughter shall stalk o'er the land.

ARMINIUS.

ARMINIUS.

Go and inform Cæcina, tell your Gen'ral
Till I have chas'd his robbers and freebooters
Back to the Rhine, my sword shall ne'er be sheath'd.
And if the Romans will not leave a space,
A scanty space, where I can live in freedom,
Arminius for himself will find (*l*) a spot,
Where he can die with honour.

SEGESTES.

Must I bear
This answer to Cæcina?

ARMINIUS.

End we here
This war of words : All parley now is clos'd.
Conduct the traitor to his Roman friends.

[Exit SEGESTES, with his Train.]

INGUIOMER.

We thank you, brave Arminius, for this zeal,
This gen'rous ardour for our sacred rights.

ARMINIUS.

'Tis yours, my friends, 'tis yours this very night
To prove, by valour, that the Gods reserve us
'To be asserters of the public weal,
And ere the dawn, by one collected blow
To wreak our vengeance on the Roman race.

End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The German Camp still continues.*

ARMINIUS, INGUIOMER,

ARMINIUS.

THAT treach'rous slave, the Ambassador of Rome
Has had his answer.

INGUIOMER.

When Cæcina hears
The energy of truth, the firm decision
That liberty inspir'd, his heart will shrink, ?
And shudder at the ruin that surrounds him.

ARMINIUS.

The blow must soon be struck; the hour draws nigh;
Time presses; we are call'd; his parting ray
The sun has spent, and in suffusion red
His glaring orb is quench'd; clouds roll on clouds,
And night hangs low'ring on the drowsy world,
Propitious to our purpose.

INGUIOMER.

All things favour
Our grand assault. On yonder eastern bank,
O'er the Visurgis where our bridge was join'd
To the main land, the head has been destroy'd
By Roman caution; but our boats and platforms
Well chain'd together will secure our march.

ARMINIUS.

ARMINIUS.

By Heav'n, this night Cæcina and his legions
Shall share the fate of Varus; once again
We shall exterminate the Roman race.
Some strong emotion, some prophetic ardour
Expands my breast, and o'er informs my soul.
I feel the god; imagination burns,
And colours to my sight a glorious scene,
A scene of victory! I see their camp
Floating in gore; their tow'rs and ramparts storm'd;
Their mangled bodies in one purple heap
Cov'ring the plain, to feed the region kites.

SCENE II. *Enter SEGIMUND.*

ARMINIUS.

Segimund, you come in time: where are your friends,
Gothmund and Egbert?

SEGIMUND.

Both with hasty step,
Pursue me hither.

ARMINIUS.

Have you seen my orders
Duly obey'd?

SEGIMUND.

I have; the men collected
Wait in their tents, impatient for the signal
To issue forth, and on the open plain
Form their battalions.

SCENE III. *Enter GOTHMUND and EGBERT.*

ARMINIUS.

Gothmund, you are welcome;
And you brave Egbert. Inguiomer, you see
The warlike chiefs, who by my choice are destin'd
To burst the barriers of the Roman camp,
And let wild uproar loose.

INGUIOMER.

Confide in them;
Their valour in the field has oft been prov'd.

ARMINIUS.

Thus then, my friends: you, Segimund, must lead
A brave, a chosen, well compacted band,
To storm the eastern gate. Against the foe
Use his own arts. The military shall
Form with your bucklers: under that advance
To sap their walls, and to hew down their gates.
Those barriers levell'd, rush undaunted forward;
Enter their camp, lead on your valiant troops,
And plant your swords in ev'ry breast you meet.

SEGIMUND.

This night shall prove me worthy of your choice.

ARMINIUS.

Egbert, 'tis yours to head a strong reserve,
And follow in the rear; support the ranks,
And heap new terror on the astonish'd foe.
You, Gothmund, must assault the western gate.
A brave, a warlike, a well chosen number
Of fierce battalions will obey your signals.

INGUIOMER.

There at the head of well embodied squadrons
I plant my standard, to watch all events,

All

All turns and all vicissitudes of war;
And if the foe alarm'd should fall forth,
He'll rush on sure destruction.

ARMINIUS.

At the head
Of my division I shall circle round
To the wide open vale, and in the woods
That skirt the borders, find a station fit
For my battalions; there in ambush wait
To intercept Cæcina in his flight, -
And give his legions to the slaughtering sword.

SEGIMUND.

Our duty calls; we'll seek our sev'ral posts,
And form our lines.

ARMINIUS.

Yet stay; another word:
Remember all to move in silent order;
Let not a stir, no voice, no sound be heard.
Let ev'ry soldier hush his pent up valour,
Till in one moment, one collected blow
You burst upon 'em: To conceal our march
A night of vapours hovers o'er our heads.
While you advance, let shouts, and hideous tumult,
War-songs, and howlings, sound throughout our camp,
With horrid uproar; let fires blaze to heav'n,
And dart a sudden lustre o'er all the field.
Veleda comes; my valiant friends farewell.

[*Exeunt* INGUIOMER, SEGIMUND,
EGBERT, and GOTHMUND.]

SCENE

SCENE IV. ARMINIUS, VELEDA,

ARMINIUS.

Approach Velea; in this awful moment,
 Big with the fate of Germany, your presence
 Brings joy and comfort. Sure some pow'r above
 Watch'd over all your ways; some guardian god
 From his religious grove sail'd through the air
 To shelter innocence, and give you back
 To a fond husband's arms.

VELEDA.

And yet forgive me,
 Though with your words you charm my list'ning ear,
 And soothe each ravish'd sense to dear delight,
 Forgive Velea, if alarming fears
 Come like the raven o'er some wretches' cottage,
 Foreboding ill; this sad, this aching breast,
 Ev'n in your presence, mingles grief with rapture.

ARMINIUS.

Where now, Velea, where thy wonted firmness?
 Is this a time for weak dejected passions?
 This night, you know, we storm the Roman camp,
 And bury all in ruin.

VELEDA.

In that rage
 Of unrelenting slaughter, my poor father—
 Ye gods, if possible, forgive his crimes!
 My father there may undistinguish'd fall,
 And add his body to the purple heap.

ARMINIUS.

Waste not a thought on him: degen'rate man!
 He has long since renounc'd the tender ties
 That bind in union, parents, sons, and friends.

All

All moral rectitude, all virtue lost,
What hope remains? In a corrupted heart
Crimes grow on crimes; the mind debas'd engenders
Pride, faction, murder, stratagems, and treason.
Such is Segeftes.

VELEDA.

He's my father still.

ARMINIUS.

He is a slave, a Roman slave; a vile
Deserter, dead to honour, and the love
He ow'd his country, that supreme of laws,
Nature's great edict in the human heart.

VELEDA.

Yet for a father tears will force their way.

ARMINIUS.

Restrain your tears: your sorrow is ill-tim'd.
Say, have you seen my squadrons? are they rang'd
In order for their march?

VELEDA.

Drawn up in ranks
They wait the signal. Fires, as you directed,
Blaze through the camp, and as they dart around
Their sudden light'ning on the burnish'd arms,
I saw the soldiers' looks: Each ardent eye
Flashes with martial fire. In silence fix'd
Each warrior meditates his deeds of valour,
His brave exploits; in fancy, ere he starts,
His javelin quivers in a Roman's heart.

ARMINIUS.

Brave warlike men! I go this moment
To let them know the order of their march.
But see where Inguiomer—

I

VELEDA.

VELEDA.

Our tunefull bards,
And all our German wives (*a*), resolv'd to urge
The grand assault, and animate the fray,
Are now assembled. I must hence with speed
To join the matrons, and their virgin train. *[Exit.*

SCENE V. ARMINIUS and INGUIOMER.

ARMINIUS.

Are all things ready? Is there aught, my friend,
Unthought of, unprovided?

INGUIOMER.

I have gone my round
Through the wide camp: A nobler show of war
Was ne'er display'd. Impatient of delay
They wield their javelins, and demand the signal.

ARMINIUS.

Anon our march begins: Well, Segimund,
You come in haste.

Enter SEGIMUND.

SEGIMUND.

I've summon'd all the chiefs
To meet you here: This way they bend their steps.

ARMINIUS.

I first must see the troops of my division.
The men require my presence: With dispatch
My orders shall be giv'n; so tell the chiefs.
You, Inguio, receive them; let them here
Wait my return: A moment brings me to you. *[Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE VI. INGUIOMER, SEGIMUND.

SEGIMUND.

The Gods in justice to mankind lead on
A terrible example to the pride,
And the ambition of these fierce invaders,
Who well deserve their fate. They taste at Rome
The sweets of liberty, yet hither come,
To the Visurgis' banks, to trample on the necks
Of independent nations.

INGUIOMER.

There, my friend,
You are deceiv'd ; you know not all the truth.
Rome is no longer free ; her fam'd Republic
Is now no more ; her boasted liberty
Yields to a tyrant, and long since she fled
Far from soft seasons and Italian skies,
To dwell in our tempestuous Northern clime,
Henceforth a Scythian (*b*) and a German blessing.

SEGIMUND.

As such we'll cherish it: The warriors come.

SCENE VII. *Enter German Officers and Soldiers :*
They Line one side of the Stage ; the BARDS at the top,
and the Women behind them, with VELEDA in the
Centre.

INGUIOMER.

My friends, I read impatience in your looks.
The God of war inspires uncommon ardour.
Soon will Arminius—

SEGIMUND.

Lo ! the hero comes.

SCENE VIII. *Enter ARMINIUS.*

ARMINIUS.

My fellow-warriors, you brave, gen'rous band,
 A great occasion calls us to the field,
 A glorious enterprize. Let us go forth
 The champions of our country. We are summon'd
 By the loud voice of nature; ev'ry motive
 That can excite, and animate our valour,
 All causes that inflame the heart of man,
 Conspire this night to draw the avenging sword.
 From hence I date the liberty of Germany.
 The REQUISITION of the proud invader
 No more shall force our sons to join their standard,
 And in a mass to fight their foreign wars.
 No more our virtuous wives, and virgin daughters,
 Shall suffer brutal lust and violation.
 The Romans are surrounded, close besieg'd;
 No means of flight: By the immortal gods,
 They are deliver'd victims to our swords.

[A trumpet sounds.]

INGUOMER.

That sound proclaims the signal for the march.

ARMINIUS.

'Tis as I order'd: Oh! my gallant friends,
 My brave associates, if your country's cause
 Glows in your bosoms; if you feel the glory
 Of your renown'd forefathers; if the flame,
 The sacred flame of liberty inspires you;
 If you prefer the plan of ancient laws
 To foreign tyrants, and a foreign yoke:
 Now grasp your javelins, now unsheathe your swords.
 In me behold your Gen'ral; in the field

Behold

Behold your fellow-foldier : follow me,
Follow Arminius; I will marshal you
To fame, to liberty, immortal glory. [*A warlike march.*
[*Exit, followed by all.*

The Bards come forward, singing.

1.

Hark, warriors, hark!—That voice again!
A warning voice! heard you the sound?
To arms, it cries, to arms ye freeborn men;
 To arms the woods,
 To arms the floods,
To arms, to arms, the echoing hills rebound.

2.

The thunder rolls; the light'nings glare;
The gods are rushing to the plain;
Their chariots glitter in the air;
 Death in his shroud
 Rides in a cloud,
And liberty calls forth her martial train.

3.

Ye warriors seek th' embattled throng;
For freedom who his zeal displays,
His fame shall live,—in sacred song;
 And tuneful rhyme,
 To latest time
The Bards of Germany shall sound his praise.

[*Exeunt.*

A R M I N I U S.

The Women come forward, singing:

VELEDA, in the centre.

Yes, go, ye gen'rous band,
 Firm champions of the land,
 O'er all the field
 Your javelins wield;
 Where'er you rush, still in the rear
 Your wives and daughters you shall hear;
 Our war-songs, and our cries
 Shall rend th' astonish'd skies,
 Till you unflue a crimson flood,
 And stretch th' invaders welt'ring in their blood.
 [*Exeunt; VELEDA following them.*]

SCENE IX. *The Roman Camp.*

MARCUS, VALERIUS.

MARCUS.

A night of such impenetrable darkness
 I scarce remember.

VALERIUS.

'Tis a night of horror,
 But safe from danger.

MARCUS.

Still at ev'ry post
 We must keep careful watch.

SCENE X. *Enter CÆCINA.*

CÆCINA.

In this deep gloom,
 This more than midnight horror, have you mark'd
 A stir, a motion from the adverse camp?

MARCUS.

MARCUS.

There the barbarians sacrifice the hours
To joy and revalry, and wild carousals.
At intervals we hear them: hills and valleys
Ring with the hideous roar. Their blazing fires
At times illumine the incumbent clouds,
And shew their distant camp.

VALERIUS.

From a deserter
Just now arriv'd I learn their secret councils.
He is a Gaul by birth.

CÆCINA.

Where is he now?

VALERIUS.

At hand he waits your pleasure.

CÆCINA.

Lead him hither.

[Exit Valerius.]

We must break up our camp. Germanicus
Can bring us no relief: The brawling waves
Have sunk his ships (*c*), and he perhaps is lost.
An hour before the dawn we must depart.
Marcus, let all be ready for our march. [Exit Marcus.]

SCENE II. CÆCINA, and DUMNORIX, one of the
GAULS.

CÆCINA.

You come resolv'd to join the Roman banners.

DUMNORIX.

My name is Dumnorix; the friend of Rome;
I hate Arminius and his wild ambition.

CÆCINA.

CÆCINA.

When did you leave his camp?

DUMNORIX.

This very day,
 When Inguiomer before your conqu'ring sword
 Cross'd the Visurgis. Then Arminius,
 Inflam'd to madness, burning for revenge,
 Vow'd the destruction of the Roman name.

CÆCINA.

Means he this night to try the chance of war?

DUMNORIX.

This night his troops must rest: To-morrow's sun
 Will light him to the onset.

CÆCINA.

For this news
 You have my thanks.

DUMNORIX.

I came with nobler views:
 Say but the word, and ev'n this very night
 Arminius may be conquer'd.

CÆCINA.

Name the means.

DUMNORIX.

By a mix'd goblet dash'd with secret aconite,
 Or a barb'd arrow ting'd with deadly poison,
 I can dispatch him.

CÆCINA.

Would'st thou thus instruct
 A Roman Gen'ral in the trade of murder?
 A fell design, like yours, in elder times
 Was offer'd to the Senate (d). That august,
 That great assembly scorn'd it with disdain,

And

And caution'd Pyrrhus to protect his life.
Such was the virtue of the Roman state;
It still survives: We conquer sword in hand,
And wage no war by murder, or by poison.

DUMNORIX.

My friends from Gaul have sworn—

CÆCINA.

Go, seek your friends—

DUMNORIX.

The glory may be mine—

CÆCINA.

Away: no more;
Detested perfidy!

[Exit DUMNORIX.]

MARCUS.

[Entering.]

What ho! to arms;
Must'ring our forces; sound there, sound th' alarm.

SCENE XII. CÆCINA, MARCUS.

CÆCINA.

Ha! Marcus, speak; what fraud? what stratagem?—

MARCUS.

While the barbarians riot in their camp,
Their troops in silent order have advanc'd,
And now invest our ramparts.

Enter VALERIUS.

VALERIUS.

Haste, or all is lost;
At the Præterian gate collect our strength—

CÆCINA.

Be that my care; go, where our works are weak;
There make your firmest stand. [Exit, followed by soldiers.]

K

Enter

Enter a SOLDIER.

SOLDIER.

Marcus, this way;
Haste to the *Decuman*; that gate's in danger.

MARCUS.

Valerius, come; the time demands our swords.

SOLDIER.

They've burst the pallifades, and o'er the Fosse
Have laid a bridge of hurdles; some already
Have burst into the camp; their wives and daughters,
Kindling their fury, follow in the rear.

MARCUS.

Valerius, come; the time demands our valour.

[A sound of trumpets, Exeunt

VALERIUS, MARCUS, and Soldiers.

SCENE XIII. *Enter SEGESTES, on one side;
SEGIMUND on the other.*

SEGESTES.

Rash youth, whoe'er thou art, advance no farther;
Retire, and quit the camp.

SEGIMUND.

Prefume not, Roman,
To give the law in Germany; that spot,
You dare to tread on, is our sacred right,
Our native soil: the sons of freedom scorn
Th' invader's proud command.

SEGESTES.

I warn you hence;
Go, join your fugitives, or this right arm
Shall cleave you to the ground.

SEGIMUND.

SEGIMUND.

The gods of Germany thus claim their victim.

[They fight.]

SEGESTES.

That blow—too deep,—too deep—it pierces here—
Thus I collect my strength; *(lifts his arm)* it will not be;
My life-blood flows apace; the day is thine.

[Falls on the ground.]

SEGIMUND.

This shield, this javelin, and this plumed helm
Are mine by conquest; they are my reward,
The glorious trophies of superior valour.

[Stoops to take off the helmet.]

SEGESTES.

The hand of death is on me, and my eyes,
My eyes are dim—and yet a glimm'ring ray
Begins to dawn—I think, I know that face;
Art thou, say,—speak—art thou my Segimund?
Thou art,—Thou art my son—I die by thee—

SEGIMUND.

Gods! can it be?—is this—is this my Father?

Enter MARCUS.

MARCUS.

The foe retires dismay'd; the camp is clear'd.
Segestes slain! rash youth, this horrid deed—

SEGESTES.

He is my son;—oh! spare him;—spare his youth;
He knew me not;—he did not know his father;
Alas! I die.

K 2

SEGIMUND.

SEGIMUND.

Yet stay, my father, stay;
Live to redeem me from the horrid crime
Of parricide—

SEGESTES.

Oh! you are innocent;
No guilt is thine; my error did it all;
Oh! had I fall'n thus fighting for my country—
Your hand,—oh! let me clasp it once again;
Your father pardons you;—alas!—I die;
That pang;—I die; just gods forgive my crimes—

[He dies.]

SEGIMUND.

His eyes are fix'd; the pulse of life is o'er;
I,—I have murder'd him; the deed is mine,
The horrid, impious, execrable deed!
I have destroy'd, (e) the author of my being.

MARCUS.

Rise, soldier, rise; your grief atones for all.

SEGIMUND.

Roman, I am your pris'ner; strike your blow,
Strike to my heart; do justice on a wretch,
A man of blood, a terrible assassin;
An impious parricide!—Here point your javelin,
And let me, let me die in this embrace.

MARCUS.

Affist him, soldiers; raise him from the ground,
And bear him hence.

SEGIMUND.

You shall not tear me from him.

Oh! happy weapon!—'tis my father's dagger;

It is his legacy; now do your office;

[Stabs himself.]

You're

You're welcome to my heart;—by thee 'tis fit
His murderer should die.

VELEDA.

[*Within.*

I heard his voice;
My brother's voice; stand off, I will have way.

MARCUS.

What means that frantic woman?

Enter VELEDA.

VELEDA.

Let me see him;
Where is he?—Ha! my brother! On the earth
Welt'ring in blood!—And is it thus, dear youth,
Thus, miserable victim, thus expiring,
Gasping in death, thus must Velea see you!

SEGIMUND.

I know that voice; and now I see thee too,
For the last time I see thee;—oh! my sister,
There lies your father; a pale mangled corse;
Entomb us both together;—in one grave
Let us lie down in peace.—Farewel for ever. [*Dies.*

VELEDA.

Thus do we part!—Was it for this I follow'd you?

MARCUS.

They fought like gen'rous warriors; but the son
Prevail'd; he laid his father low in death,
And then dispatch'd himself.

VELEDA.

What do I hear?
He kill'd his father! Horror!—At the sound
Humanity is shock'd!—yet for his country
He grasp'd the javelin; in the cause of Rome

Sequestes

Segeſtes fell, and merited his fate.
Yet for a father, filial tears will flow.

MARCUS.

Riſe from the ground, and quit this mournful ſcene.

VELEDA.

Alas ! my Segimund, no crime is thine.
It is the guilt of tumult and revolt ;
The epidemic madneſs of the times ;
When diſcontent, and jealousy, and faction,
When ſtriſe, and wild ambition ſow the ſeeds
Of party-rage ; when civil diſcord arms
Sons againſt fathers, (f) brothers againſt brothers,
Then kindred blood is ſpilt ; then horrors multiply,
And nature ſhudders at a ſight like this.

[Pointing to the dead bodies.]

MARCUS.

My duty calls me hence ; you muſt depart.

VELEDA.

Yet grant my pray'r, and by one gen'rous act
Shew that you Romans feel the touch of nature.
Let me bear hence the bodies ; in our camp
Let me interr them ; let me lay together
My father and my brother, and with tears
Pay the laſt office to their cold remains.
In life divided, let one grave unite them.

MARCUS.

It ſhall be ſo ; I yield to your requeſt.
Soldiers bear hence the bodies. *[They are carried off.]*

VELEDA.

For this kindneſs
Accept my thanks. They both are now at peace.
From this ſad ſpectacle, this ſcene of woe,
All Germany may learn the dire effects

That

That flow from party-rage.—This day may give
 A lesson to the world, and teach the nations
 That civil union is their truest bliss;
 And late posterity, when these disasters
 Shall be recorded by th' historic muse,
 May learn by our example to avoid
 These fatal errors. Over crimes like these,
 Oh! may they shed a salutary tear,
 And fathers, sons, and families unite
 One voice, one heart, to guard their native land.

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The German Camp.*

CHELDERIC, TREBANTES; *Both of them Gauls.*

TREBANTES.

CHELDERIC, these Germans made a bold assault,
But Roman discipline repell'd the fury
Of wild barbarians.

CHELDERIC.

For this night they've conquer'd;
But in broad day-light what must be their fate?
Their little army cannot meet the numbers
With which Arminius covers all the plain.
As well the level shore may stand the fury
Of the rough northern sea, when lash'd by winds
It rolls its mountain billows on the land.

TREBANTES.

And yet, if our proposal has been heard;
If from the Roman Dumnorix has met
With due applause, a cheap, an easy victory
Will end the war.

CHELDERIC.

And lo! our hero comes.

SCENE

SCENE II. *To them* DUMNORIX.

CHELDERIC.

Dumnorix you're welcome.

DUMNORIX.

To avoid
All prying eyes, I've walk'd a weary round
Through woods, and fens.

CHELDERIC.

And does the Roman chief
Approve our plot?

DUMNORIX.

Is thus Cæcina known?
Govern'd by scruples, by fantastic rules
Of pride, of honour, and dry musty maxims,
He talk'd, I know not what of ancient Rome,
And scorns our proffer'd aid.

CHELDERIC.

Short-sighted man!
His low contracted spirit will not see,
That victory obtain'd by fraud, or valour,
Ensures success; (a) and cover'd stratagem
Alike with laurels decks the hero's brow.

DUMNORIX.

Cæcina is no general: I talk'd
With the brave leaders of th' allies from Gaul:
All with one voice applaud our enterprize.
They promise bright rewards: no more at present,
I hear the sound of steps this way advancing.
We will confer in private—

SCENE III. *To them* GOTHMUND.

GOTHMUND.

Our whole army
Is under arms; all at their proper posts.
What keeps you from your station?

DUMNORIX.

Has Arminius
Enter'd the camp?

GOTHMUND.

Not yet; do you go forth,
And join your standards: loiter here no more.

[*Exeunt* DUMNORIX, CHELDERIC,
TREBANTES.

What mean those Gauls? What brings them thus together?
They meditate some dark design; perhaps
To be deserters to the Roman camp.

SCENE IV. INGUIOMER, GOTHMUND.

GOTHMUND.

What of Arminius?

INGUIOMER.

Frequent messengers
With eager speed come posting to the camp.
Arminius is at hand; to me he sends
His orders; all must rest upon their arms
Ready for action, when occasion calls.

GOTHMUND.

His warlike spirit never knows a pause:
No danger can deter him, nought can check
His active genius, till he tow'rs above
Whate'er oppos'd his course.

INGUIOMER.

INGUIOMER.

To-morrow's dawn
We'll see him, with determin'd vigour
Rush to the field, and thunder through the war.

SCENE V. *To them* EGBERT.

EGBERT.

Marcus, the Roman officer, has gain'd
A passport to the camp. He says he brings
A message of high import from Cæcina.

INGUIOMER.

Conduct him hither. [Exit EGBERT.]
On his narrow isthmus
Besieg'd, and sore beset, perhaps the Roman
Means to capitulate.

SCENE VI. *Enter* MARCUS.

MARCUS.

Cæcina sends me
To claim an audience of Arminius.

INGUIOMER.

He soon will join us here. What is your errand?

MARCUS.

Our Gen'ral sends this letter to your Chief;
A letter fraught with matters of high moment.

INGUIOMER.

Say, do you come to offer terms of peace?

MARCUS.

Soon as Arminius sees the generous spirit,
That sways, directs, and guides Cæcina's heart,

Your Chief may think hostilities should cease,
And with the sympathy of noble minds,
Unite in ties of friendship.

INGUIOMER.

This to me
Is a dark mystery: unfold your purpose,

MARCUS.

Here in your very camp a plot is form'd
Against Arminius's life: no more has reach'd
My ear; that letter will disclose the whole.

[Gives the letter,

Here ends my embassy; the time demands
That I return with speed to join our friends,

INGUIOMER.

Egbert, be it yours to guard him hence,
Give him safe conduct to the Roman camp.

[Exeunt MARCUS and EGBERT.

SCENE VII. INGUIOMER, GOTHMUND.

GOTHMUND.

A dark conspiracy against the life
Of our brave Chief, here in our very camp!

INGUIOMER.

You hear it gods! and does your thunder sleep?
Will you not send your forked lightning down,
Wing'd with red vengeance on the traitor's head?

GOTHMUND.

Soon as Arminius— *[Sound of trumpets.*

INGUIOMER.

In good time he comes.
That trumpet's clangour speaks the Chief's arriv'd.

SCENE

SCENE VIII. *Enter ARMINIUS, attended by guards.*

ARMINIUS.

Inguiomer, these checks but serve to animate
The martial spirit of a warlike race.

INGUIOMER.

Protected by the friendly gloom of night
Cæcina and his army stood at bay :
Around their camp no glim'ring ray of light
Shew'd us their works: mean time our lamps and torches
Made us a mark for all their missive weapons.
Our lights extinguish'd, courage then was useless;
Disorder and confusion follow'd. None could see
Where to assault: I founded a retreat.

ARMINIUS.

Wisely you judg'd: to-morrow's orient sun
Shall see his legions overwhelm'd in ruin.

INGUIOMER.

Since then an officer has brought this letter:
It is address'd to you.

ARMINIUS.

To me a letter!
Give it; let me see it.

[*Reads.*

" The sense of honour that governs the mind of a
" Roman general, will be seen in this letter. I write to
" caution you against a foul conspiracy. A Gaul this day
" deserted from your army. The villain has set a price
" upon your life, and for that reward is ready to end your
" days by poison. I need not tell you that I rejected his
" offer with indignation. An enemy in the field, I scorn
" the

" the trade of a base assassin. Be upon your guard against
" clandestine enemies. Farewell."

If this be true, I can almost allow
A Roman still may have a sense of honour.
If any Gauls are lurking in our army—

GOTHMUND.

Their number is not great; but I have watch'd them
With an observant eye.

ARMINIUS.

They are a traiterous race.
Had they made head against the Roman arms
Like men, who knew the value of their liberty,
Th' imperial Eagles soon had wing'd their flight
To their Italian realms; and slavery
Repas'd their Alpine hills, to dwell at Rome
And with their senate kneel at Cæsar's feet.

INGUOMER.

They fought in parties, and the whole was conquer'd.

ARMINIUS.

All civil union was to them unknown;
Strangers to liberty, and now subdued
To crouch in bondage; the ambitious slaves
Would raise the tree of tyranny, and overturn
In every state, in all the nations round them,
The laws that hold society in peace.

INGUOMER.

We must be wary; Gothmund, we must look
With circumspective eyes; watch ev'ry motion,
All secret meetings, and by due attention
Mar this detested project.

ARMINIUS.

ARMINIUS.

For his conduct
Cæcina claims both gratitude and praise.
But has he sent that false perfidious Gaul
Back to our camp?

GOTHMUND.

The traitor still is there.

ARMINIUS.

Let a well chosen officer be sent
To tell Cæcina that his gen'rous action
Reflects a lustre on his name: but still
To crown the deed with glory, the assassin
Must be deliver'd up to justice; tell him
'Tis my request.

INGUIOMER.

Soon as the slave arrives
A strict enquiry will afford a clue,
To guide us through the maze of their designs,
And trace the Gauls, who tamper'd in the treason.

ARMINIUS.

Gothmund, do you select some trusty officer
To bear our message: let him strait depart.

[Exit GOTHMUND.]

INGUIOMER.

Cæcina will comply.

ARMINIUS.

And if he does,
I in my turn will act a gen'rous part.
His little army shall have leave to march
Free, unmolested to the distant Rhine.
I'll sheath the sword, and for such splendid merit
Spare the effusion e'en of Roman blood.
How wears the night?

INGUIOMER.

INGUIOMER.

'Tis now the second watch.

ARMINIUS.

Are the troops all arrang'd, as I directed?

INGUIOMER.

They're under arms, and at their sev'ral posts
All watchful stand, impatient to renew
The charge, and though repuls'd, with joy they find
They have sustain'd no loss.

ARMINIUS.

They have sustain'd
A loss we all must feel, and long must mourn.
That brave, heroic youth, the gallant Segimund,
Whose early virtues were by all admir'd;
Who won each soldier's love; whose spring of life
Promis'd an harvest of immortal glory;
He is no more.

INGUIOMER.

No hostile hand subdued him.

ARMINIUS.

Alas! I know the whole disastrous story.
I've seen Veleda; she has told me all.
I left her paying the last funeral rites
To her lov'd brother: to her father too
She grants sepulchral honours, though his crimes
Drew vengeance on his head. Veleda's virtue
Is ever lovely, and adorns her name.
She mourns a father lost, and while to him
She pours the heartfelt tribute of her tears,
Her filial piety demands our praise.

SCENE

SCENE IX. *To them* GOTHMUND.

GOTHMUND.

Your orders are obey'd. I have dispatch'd
A deputation to the adverse camp.

ARMINIUS.

The time now calls for action: Inguiomer,
We will go forth to visit ev'ry post,
And with true ardour fire the soldier's breast.

[*Exeunt* ARMINIUS and INGUIOMER.

GOTHMUND.

Would that this treach'rous Gaul were in our pow'r.
Upon the rack the slave shall die in torment,
And his accomplices shall share his fate.

SCENE X. *To him* VELEDA.

VELEDA.

Oh! 'tis too much—this agony of mind,
It is too much;—it pierces to the quick;
It rends each tremb'ling nerve about the heart.

GOTHMUND.

Veleda, why this violence of sorrow?

VELEDA.

Oh! Gothmund, the adventures of this night—

GOTHMUND.

Do they afflict you? The dun shades of night
Shelter'd the foe; we founded a retreat,
But at the dawn Arminius will revenge it.
His plan is form'd already.

M

VELEDA.

VELEDA.

Well I know
Arminius has resources in his vast,
His warlike genius. But with all his valour
Can he assuage my sorrows? I have lost
More than the treasury of words can tell;
More than imagination can conceive.
My brother Segimund! He's lost for ever.

GOTHMUND.

For him our men are overwhelm'd with sorrow.
We all lament his fate.

VELEDA.

I know all must;
But bitter anguish is for me alone.
I found him in the moment of his victory,
Gash'd, mangled, bleeding, gasping on the ground,
Like a fair flow'r, in all its blushing honours,
Shorn by the scythe, and with'ring in its bloom.

GOTHMUND.

It was his own rash act: he knew no guilt.

VELEDA.

It was his father's crime: his father fell
In arms against his country. Segimund,
Unconscious, struck the blow for justice.
But the affections of a heart like his
Pierc'd to his soul, and drove him to despair.
Dear youth, he's lost: and with him ev'ry virtue,
Heroic ardour, honour, truth, and love,
And ev'ry grace that could adorn his youth,
To full perfection rising: all is vanish'd;
All, all is lost, for ever, ever lost.

GOTHMUND.

GOTHMUND.

Arminius still remains; his tender care
Will minister relief, and heal your woes.

VELEDA.

Arminius is the idol I adore;
But busy memory will know no rest.
A much lov'd brother will be ever present;
His lovely image still will glide before me,
But these sad eyes must never more behold him.
I've wash'd his wounds, and bath'd him with my tears;
Over his clay-cold corse I've thrown my mantle;
Close to his side I've laid his warlike javelin;
And, as he order'd, stretch'd his father by him.
In his cold grave he rests: but worth like his
Will ever live, and with his fame enrich
The annals of his country. *[A deep Groan is heard
from a distance.]*

Hark! that sudden groan—

GOTHMUND.

Be not alarm'd: you soon shall know the cause. *[Exit.]*

VELEDA.

Almighty Gods! if from your stores of wrath
Your awful will prepares some new affliction,
Suspend your purpose; spare a wretch like me.
Gothmund, you look aghast.

Enter GOTHMUND.

GOTHMUND.

I scarce can speak;
My blood recoils; my tongue denies its office.

VELEDA.

Ha! what disaster? speak, relieve my fears.

M 2

GOTHMUND.

GOTHMUND.

On his tribunal as Arminius stood,
 In act to animate the list'ning soldiers,
 While torches cast their vivid blaze around him,
 A barbed arrow from some ambush'd villain
 Flew to its destin'd mark, and pierc'd his heart.

VELEDA.

Let me this moment fly to his relief. *[Exit VELEDA.]*

GOTHMUND.

Relief I fear is vain: speak, Egbert, say,
 How fares Arminius?

Enter EGBERT.

EGBERT,

All who boast their skill
 In medicinal lore, exert their art
 To draw the arrow from his bleeding wound,

Enter VELEDA.

VELEDA.

Oh! what a spectacle of woe and horror!
 This way they lead him; what a sight is there?
 Pale, pale, and wan! ye gods protect his life.

SCENE THE LAST. *ARMINIUS is led forward;
 INGUIOMER, Officers, Women, and Soldiers round
 him.*

ARMINIUS.

Assist me; lend your aid; conduct me forward;
 A little onward;—here,—here set me down.

VELEDA.

VELEDA.

Arminius, speak; 'tis your Velea calls,
How fare you now?

ARMINIUS.

Oh! I am sick at heart;
My strength decays; fair day-light closes o'er me;
Approach; draw near; let me once more behold you.

VELEDA.

My feeble frame gives way; my flutt'ring heart
Throbs wild with agony; it sinks within me.
Gods! is there no relief?—Compose your spirits;
Rest may restore you.

ARMINIUS.

Oh! no rest for me;
The barbed arrow pierc'd too deep,—too deep.
They wrench'd it out; they made a breach in nature;
They tore my frame asunder,

VELEDA.

To these wounds
The healing art may minister relief.

ARMINIUS.

Nought can avail; the swift, the subtle poison—

VELEDA,

Poison!

ARMINIUS.

It burns,—it rankles in my veins.

VELEDA.

Oh! let me with these lips draw forth the venom;
The deadly aconite (c) let me imbibe,
That I may save all that my heart adores.

ARMINIUS.

ARMINIUS.

You are too good;—the poison is diffus'd
Through all my frame;—it burns; an inward fire
Consumes my veins; those pangs must end me soon.

Enter EGBERT.

EGBERT.

[In a low tone.]

Inguiomer, our Herald is return'd.
The treach'rous Gaul he finds is in our camp.
His name is Dumnorix—

GOTHMUND.

That slave is seiz'd,
With his accomplices; they all shall suffer,
Whate'er the keenest torture can inflict.

ARMINIUS.

Let not a thought of me, let no resentment
Inspire revenge and cruelty: proceed
As justice warrants, and the laws direct.

EGBERT.

The Romans in despair have fled their camp;
Already they have cross'd the narrow isthmus,
And urge by rapid marches tow'rd the Rhine.

ARMINIUS.

Affist me; raise me up: All gracious pow'rs!
Ye guardian gods of Germany! to you
I lift my hands; to you in gratitude
I bow thus lowly down; to you I offer
My humble adoration!—I have liv'd
To see my country free; once more to see
The Roman Eagles and their boasted legions
In terror wing their flight across the Rhine.

They

They are exterminated; they are gone;
They've vanish'd from the land:—I die content.
[Falls back in his chair.

VELEDA.

Is there no help to save so dear a life?
Bring ev'ry aid:—a pale, a livid hue
Spreads o'er his features;—see,—his eyes are fix'd.

ARMINIUS.

Raise me once again: Now, mark my words;
Should the ambition of aspiring Rome
Must her legions; should her arms prevail,
And leave no spot, where freedom can reside;
Bear to my Saxon friends my last advice.
Let them embark for Britain; there they'll find
A brave, a hardy race, who by their valour
Made Cæsar from their coast unfurl his sails,
And save his legions by inglorious flight.

INGUIOMER.

Your orders shall be faithfully perform'd.

ARMINIUS.

Yet more;—when landed on that happy shore,
Let my friends join in union with the natives.
Britons and Saxons there may form one people;
And from the woods (d) of Germany import
A form of government, a plan of laws
Wise, just, and equitable; laws of force
To guard the gen'ral weal, and on the base
Of public liberty, of social order,
And equal justice, raise the noblest fabric
Of civil union, like their own proud cliffs
'Midst wild commotions still to stand unshaken,
And be in time the envy of the world.

VELEDA.

VELEDA.

My spirits sink; I faint; support me—

[*Leans on a Woman's arm.*]

INGUIOMER.

Ev'n now,

When flutt'ring life is on the wing to leave him,
The safety of his friends claims all his care.

ARMINIUS.

[*Raising himself*]

Another word; it is my warning voice.
Let Britons guard their coast against the Gauls,
And never,—never let that treach'rous race,
NOR THEIR DESCENDANTS to the latest time,
Obtain a footing on their sea-girt isle.
Let Britons seize the trident of the main,
And plunge th' invaders in the roaring surge;
A band of slaves, who would reduce mankind
To their own level, and enslave the world:
An hoard of savages, freebooters, murderers,
Who trample on all laws; who own no gods;
Whom in a mass their country disembogues,
By depredations to lay waste their neighbours,
And spread rebellion, anarchy, and ruin.

VELEDA.

Alas! these strong exertions are too much;
They waste his vital spirit:—See—behold him;
He faints; he dies; and oh! must I survive him?

ARMINIUS.

I burn; I burn; that pang; 'tis past; and yet,
Thus ling'ring on the margin of both worlds,
A ray of light perhaps breaks in upon me.
—A time may come, when Germany shall send
A royal race, allied to Britain's kings,
To reign in glory o'er a willing people.

—I see

—I see the radiant æra dawn; I see,
The great event, when in a distant age
A monarch sprung from that illustrious line
Shall guide the state, give energy to laws,
And guard the rights of man; his throne encircl'd,
Adorn'd, illumin'd by a train of virtues,
That win all hearts, and arm each honest hand
In the great cause of freedom, and the laws,
For which their ancestors in ev'ry age
Toil'd, fought, and bravely conquer'd; then bequeath'd
Seal'd with their blood a glorious legacy,
A SACRED TRUST to all succeeding times.

[Sinks back in his chair.]

VELEDA.

Alas! he dies; is there no art to soften
These mortal pangs? Support him, Inguiomer;
Assuage his sorrows; lull him to repose.

ARMINIUS.

Farewell, my friends;—farewell;—I can no more;
Life ebbs apace; my weary nature sinks;
Yet ere I die,—Veleda,—once again.

VELEDA.

My feeble frame;—conduct me; lead me to him—

ARMINIUS.

My eyes are dim—where are you? reach your hand.

[Offers his hand, falls back, and dies.]

INGUIOMER.

There fled the best, the purest, noblest spirit
That e'er inform'd the patriot breast.

VELEDA.

To me
What now is life?—I will not linger here
In this bad world, a miserable wretch,

N

Condemn'd

Condemn'd to solitude, and endless woe.

Give me this dagger; (*snatches it*) now, Arminius, now,
I come;—I follow thee— *[Going to strike.*

INGUOMER.

Restrain this rage, this frantic, wild despair.

[Holds her arm.

VELEDA.

Off;—set me free;—you shall not chain me down

In agony of mind, in restless misery.

Oh! let me follow him;—Arminius, no,

No, nothing shall divorce us. *[Raising her arm.*

A FEMALE ATTENDANT.

Horror! forbear; I must arrest your arm;

The blow that ends you, murders innocence.

A mother still should hear the voice of nature.

VELEDA.

Why hold me thus?—and yet, those tender accents—

FEMALE ATTENDANT.

Think of the infant whom you still support;

The precious babe that waits to see the light.

VELEDA.

My precious babe! *[Looking tenderly at her.*

FEMALE ATTENDANT.

'Tis yours to rear and cherish it.

VELEDA.

My unborn babe, that waits to see the light.

[Melts into tears, and her dagger falls.

INGUOMER.

This is thy triumph, pow'rful nature; this

Thy gen'rous instinct; thou prime source of virtue!

VELEDA.

Oh! what a precipice of guilt and horror

Have I escap'd! My child destroy'd by me,

Ev'n

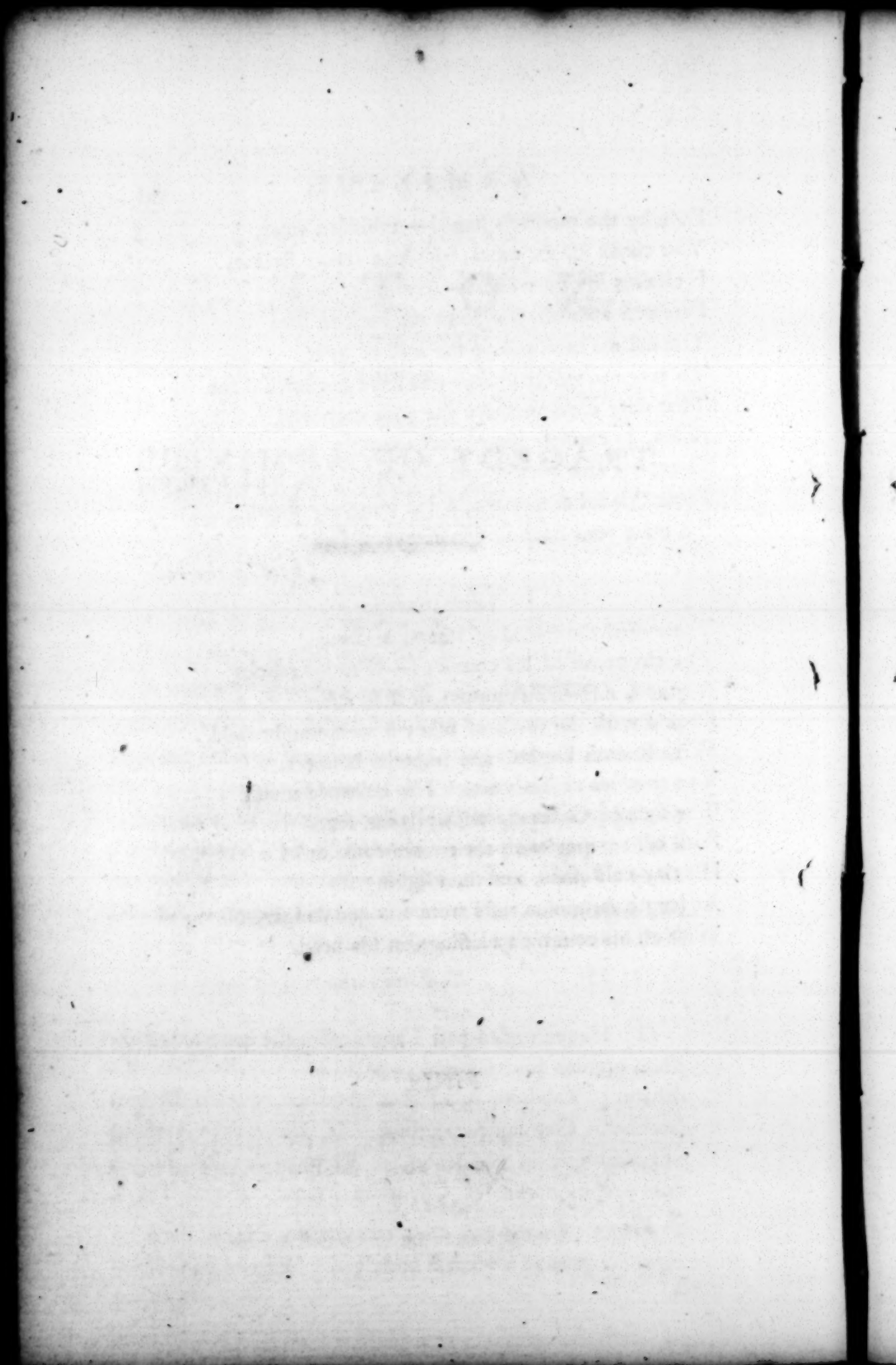
Ev'n by the mother's hand!—unbidden tears,
You choak all utt'rance; the bare image strikes,
It cleaves my very heart—Arminius, now
Farewell awhile; you point me back to life;
You bid me here endure the load of grief,
To rear the tender charge you have bequeath'd me:
That duty done, perhaps the gods may send
A son, to emulate your great example.
Grant me that pray'r, and then with joy, with transport,
From this sad dreary world I'll wing my flight,
To trace your path in yon empyreal skies.

[Lies by the body.]

INGUIOMER.

There died the friend of liberty and man,
The champion of his country!—O'er his relicks
A grand, a splendid monument shall rise,
Deck'd with the spoils of many a well-fought field,
With Roman Eagles, and Imperial banners,
The trophies of his wars. The hallow'd mould
The sons of Germany with pilgrim feet
Shall oft revisit; with their tears embalm
His clay-cold ashes, and then sighing say
At length Arminius rests from toil and danger,
With all his country's blessings on his head.

FINIS.



N O T E S

ON THE

TRAGEDY OF ARMINIUS.

ACT I.

(a) CUNCTA pariter Romanis adversa: Locus uligine profundâ, idem ad gradum instabilis, procedentibus Lubricus; Corpora gravia Loricis, neque Librare pila inter undas poterant. Contra Cheruscis sueta apud paludes prælia, procera membra, hastæ ingentes ad vulnera faciunda; quamvis procul. *Annal. i. S. 64.* Arminius cum delectis Scindit agmen, Equisque maxime vulnera ingerit: illi Sanguine suo, et Lubrico paludum Lapsantes, Excussis Rectoribus disjicere obvios, proterere jacentes. *Annal. i. S. 54, 55.*

(b) Neque multo post Legati a Segeste venerunt, auxilium orantes adversus vim popularium, a quæis Circumsidebatur; Validiore apud Eos Arminio, quando Bellum suadebat. Germanico pretium fuit, Convertere Agmen; pugnatumque in obsidentes, et Ereptus Segestes magnâ cum propinquorum et Clientium Manu. *Annal. Lib. i. S. 57.*

(c) Non

(c) Non hic mihi primus Erga Populum Romanum fidei et Constantiæ dies: Ex quo a Divo Augusto Civitate donatus sum, amicos inimicosque ex vestris Utilitatibus delegi; neque odio patriæ, verum quia Romanis Germanisque idem conducere, et pacem quàm Bellum probabam. *Annal. Lib. i. S. 58.*

(d) Addiderat Segestes Legatis filium, nomine Segimundum: sed Juvenis Conscientiâ cunctabatur; quippe anno, quo Germaniæ descivere, Sacerdos apud Aram Ubiorum Creatus ruperat vittas, profugus ad Rebelles. *Annal. i. S. 57.*

(e) Inerant fæminæ nobiles, inter quas Uxor Arminii, eademque filia Segestis, mariti magis quàm parentis animo, neque victa in Lacrymas, neque voce supplex, compressis intra sinum manibus, gravidam Uterum intuenas. *Annal. i. S. 57.*

(f) Filiam necessitatē huc Adductam fateor: tuum erit consultare, utrum prævaleat, quod ex Arminio concepit, an quod ex me Genita est. *Annal. Lib. i. S. 58.*

ACT II.

(a) See as above, *Annal. i. S. 57.*

(b) Plures Cæsar classi impositas per flumen Amisiam Oceano invexit. Ac primo placidum Æquor mille navium remis strepere, aut Velis impelli: mox atro nubium globo Effusa Grando: simul variis undique procellis incerti fluctus prospectum Adimere, regimen impedire; Milesque pavidus,

pavidus, et casuum maris ignorus, dum turbat Nautas, vel intempestive juvat, officia prudentium Corrumpebat: Omne dehinc cælum, et mare omne in Austrum cessit, qui tumidis Germaniæ terris, profundis Amnibus, immenso nubium tractu validus, et rigore vicini Septemtrionis horridior, rapuit disjecitque naves in aperta Oceani, aut Insulas Saxi abruptis, vel per occulta vada infestas. Pars Navium haustæ sunt; plures apud Insulas Longius sitas Ejectæ. Sola Germanici triremis Chaucorum terram adpulit; Quem per omnes illos dies noctesque apud Scopulos et prominentes oras, cum se tanti Exitii reum clamitaret, Vix Cohibere amici quominus Eodem Mari oppeteret. *Annal. Lib. ii. S. 23, 24.*

(c) Arminius irrumpere Germanos jubet, Clamitans, "En Varus, et Eodem iterum fato Victæ Legiones."—*Annal. i. S. 65.*

(d) Dotem non Uxor Marito, sed Uxori Maritus offert. Inter hæc munera Uxor accipitur, atque Invicem ipsa armorum aliquid Viro offert. Hoc Maximum Vinculum, hæc arcana sacra, hos Conjugales Deos Arbitrantur.—*De moribus Germ. S. 18.*

(e) Arminius, "ut Liceret cum fratre colloqui" oravit. Erat is in Exercitu Cognomento Flavius, insignis fide, et amisso par vulnus oculo paucis ante Annis, duce Tiberio: tum permissum; progressusque salutatur ab Arminio, qui amotis Stipatoribus, "ut Sagittarii nostrâ pro Ripâ dispositi Abscederent," postulat; et postquam digressi, "Unde ea deformitas Oris?" Interrogat fratrem: illo Locum et præliam referente, "Quodnam præmium recepisset?" Exquirat. Flavius Aucta Stipendia, Torquem, et Cordam, aliaque militaria dona memorat, irridente

dente Arminio vilia Servitii Præmia. Exin Diverſi or-
diuntur: Hic “ Magnitudinem Romanam, opes Cæſaris,
“ et victis graves pœnas; in deditionem venienti para-
“ tam clementiam; neque conjugem et filium ejus hoſti-
“ liter haberi.” “ Paulatim inde ad jurgia prolapſi,
quominus pugnam Conſerent, ne flumine quidem inter-
jecto cohibebantur, ni Stertinius adcurrens plenum iræ,
armaque et equum poſcentem Flavium attinuiffet. Cer-
nabatur contrà minitabundus Arminius, præliumque de-
nuntians; nam pleraque Latino Sermone interjaciebat, ut
qui Romanis in Caſtris ductor Popularium meruiſſet.—
Annal. Lib. ii. S. 9, 10.

(f) See the laſt Note.

(g) Irridenti Arminio vilia ſervitii præmia. *Annal.*
Lib. xi. S. 9.

(h) Arminius fas patriæ, Libertatem avitam, penetra-
les Germaniæ Deos, Matrum precum ſociam, ne propin-
quorum et adfinium, denique generis ſui deſertor et Pro-
ditor quam Imperator eſſe mallet. *Annal. Lib. ii. S. 10.*

ACT III.

(a) Exigunt enim principis ſui liberalitate illum Bel-
latorem equum, illam cruentam victricemque *frameam*.—
De Morib. Germ. S. 14.

(b) CIVILIS matrem ſuam ſororeſque, ſimul omnium
conjuges, parvoſque Liberos conſiſtere a tergo jubet;
Hortamenta

Hortamenta victoriæ, vel pulsus pudorem : Virorum cantu, et fœminarum ululatu somuit acies. *Tacit. Hist. iv. S. 18.*

(c) Ne se mulier extra virtutum cogitationes, extraque Bellorum casus putet, ipsis incipientis matrimonii auspiciis admonetur, venire se Laborum periculorumque sociam, idem in pace, idem in Bello passuram ausuramque : Hoc juncti Boves, hoc paratus equus, hoc data arma denuntiant. Sic vivendum, sic pereundum. *Tacit. de Morib. Germ. S. 18.*

(d) Satis diu vel Naturæ vixisse, vel gloriæ. *Cicero pro Marcello.*

(e) Sunt illis quoque Carmina, quorum Relatu, quem *Barditum* vocant, accendunt animos, futuræque pugnae fortunam ipso cantu augurantur. *Tacit. de Morib. Germ. S. 3.*

(f) Varianam cladem pæne exitiabilem, tribus legionibus, cum duce Legatisque, et auxiliis omnibus cæsis. Adeo namque Consternatum Augustum ferunt, ut per continuos Menses barbâ capilloque summisso, Caput interdum foribus illideret, vociferans, "QUINCTILI VARE LEGIONES REDDE." *Sueton. August: S. 23.*

(g) See an account of the Canadian War-songs, Charlevoix, *Voyage de L'Amerique*. See also *European Settlements in America*. Vol. i.

(h) Sequestem Germanos nunquam satis Excusaturos, quod inter Albim et Rhenum Virgas, et secures, et togam viderint. *Annal. Lib. i. S. 59.*

(i) Raptores orbis, postquam cuncta vastantibus defuere, terras, et maria Scrutantur : Si Locuples Hostis est ;

AVARI: Si pauper, AMBITIOSI: Soli omnium opes atque inopiam pari affectu concupiscunt: auferre, trucidare, rapere, falsis nominibus IMPERIUM, atque ubi solitudinem faciunt, PACEM appellant. *Tacit. Agricola, S. 30.*

(k) Non cauponantes Bellum, sed Belligerantes. *Enn. us.*

(l) Avitus ipsi Boiocalo ob memoriam Amicitiae, datum agros pollicitus; quod ille, ut proditiōis pretium, aspernatus, addidit, "DEESSE NOBIS TERRA, IN QUA VIVAMUS, IN QUA MORIAMUR, NON POTEST." *Annal. Lib. xiii. S. 56.*

ACT IV.

(a) Nec minor cum Uxoribus Eorum pugna, quam cum ipsis fuit; quum objectis undique plaustris atque carpentis, altæ desuper, quasi e turribus, Lanceis contisque pugnarent. *Florus, Lib. iii. Cap. 3.*

Vos quoque, qui fortes animas Belloque peremptas
Laudibus in Longum Vates dimittitis Ævum,
Plurima Securi sudistis Carmina BARDI.

Lucan, Pharsalia, Lib. i. V. 447.

(b) Libertas ultra Tigrim, Rhenumque recessit,
Ac toties nobis jugulo quæsitā negatur,
Germanum Scythicumque Bonum.

Lucan, Lib. vii. V. 433.

(c) See Act I. Note (b).

(d) Timochares

(d) Timochares Ambraciensis Fabricio Consuli pollicitus est, se Pyrrhum veneno per filium suum, qui potionibus ejus præerat, necaturum. Ea res cùm ad Senatum esset delata, missis Legatis Pyrrhum monuit, *ut adversus hujus generis insidias cautius se gereret, memor urbem a filio Martis Conditam, et armis Bella, non venenis, gerere debere.* Timocharis autem Nomen suppressit, Utrouque modo Æquitatem amplexus; quia nec hostem malo exemplo tollere, neque eum, qui bene mereri paratus fuerat, prodere voluit. *Val. Maxim. Lib. vi. Cap. 5.*

Reperio apud Scriptores Senatoresque Eorum Temporum, Adgandestrii, principis Cattorum, Lectas in Senatu Literas, quibus "*mortem Arminii*" promittebat, "*si patrandæ neci venenum mitteretur*;" Responsumque esse, non fraude, neque occultis, sed palam et armatum populum Romanum hostes suos ulcisci; quâ gloriâ æquabat se Tiberius priscis Imperatoribus, qui venenum in Pyrrhum Regem vetuerant, prodiderantque. *Annal. Lib. ii. S. 88.*

(e) Eo notabilior Cædes fuit, quia filius Patrem interfecit: Rem, nomniaque, auctore Vipstano Messalâ, tradam. Julius Mansuetus, ex Hispaniâ, RAPACI Legioni additus, impubem filium domi Liquerat: is mox adultus, inter SEPTIMANOS a Galbâ conscriptus, oblatum forte patrem, et vulnere stratum, dum semianimem scrutatur, Agnitus, agnoscensque, et exsanguem amplexus, voce flebili precabatur "*Placatos patris manes,*" "*Neve se*" "*ut parricidam averfarentur; publicum id facinus; et*" "*unum militem quotam Civilium Armorum partem.*"— Simul attollere corpus, aperire humum, supremo erga parentem officio fungi. Advertere proximi, deinde plures: Hinc per omnem aciem Miraculum, et quæstus, et sævissimi Belli Execratio: nec eo segnius propinquos, adfines,

fratres trucidatos spoliant: Factum esse scelus Loquuntur, faciuntque. *Tacit. Hist. Lib. iii. S. 25.*

Ceterum et prioribus Civilibus Bellis par Scelus inciderrat; nam prælio, quo ad Janiculum adversus Cinnam pugnatum est, Pompeianus Miles fratrem suum, dein, cognito facinore, seipsum interfecit, ut Sisenna memorat: tanto acrior apud Majores, sicut Virtutis gloria, ita flagitiis Pœnitentia fuit. *Tacit. Hist. Lib. iii. S. 50.*

(f) VOLTAIRE, in his HENRIADE, had his eye upon the passages in Tacitus cited in the former note. He describes a father, in the heat of battle, engaged with his son: An extract from the Episode will, probably, be acceptable to the reader.

En fin vieux d'Ailly, par un coup malheureux
Fait tomber a ses pieds ce Guerrier genereux.
Ses yeux sont pour jamais fermés a la Lumière;
Son Casque aupres de lui roule sur la Pouffière.
D'Ailly voit son visage: "O desespoir! O Cris!
"Il le voit; il L'embrasse: "HELAS C'EST MON FILS"
Le Père infortuné, les yeux baignés de Larmes,
Tournait contre son sein ses parricides armes;
On L'arrête, on s'oppose a sa juste fureur;
Il s'arrache en tremblant de ce Lieu plein d'horreur;
Il deteste a jamais sa coupable Victoire;
Il renonce a La Cour, aux humains, a La Gloire;
Et se fuyant Lui-même, au milieu des deserts,
Il va cacher sa peine au bout de L'Univers.
Là, soit que Le Soleil rendit Le jour au monde,
Soit qu'il finit sa course au vaste sein de L'onde,
Sa voix faisait redire aux échos attendris
Le nom, le triste nom de son malheureux fils.

Du heros expirant la jeune et tendre amante,
 Par la terreur conduite, incertaine, tremblante,
 Vient d'un pied chancelant sur ces funestes bords ;
 Elle cherche, elle voit dans la foule des morts,
 Elle voit son époux ; elle tombe éperdue ;
 Le voile de la mort se repand sur sa vue ;
 " Est-ce toi, cher amant ?"—Ces mots interrompus,
 Ces cris demi-formés ne sont point entendus ;
 Elle r'ouvre les yeux ; sa bouche presse encore,
 Par ses derniers baisers, la bouche qu'elle adore :
 Elle tient dans ses bras ce corps pâle et sanglant,
 Le regarde, soupire, et meurt en l'embrassant.

Père, époux malheureux, famille déplorable,
 Des fureurs de ces tems exemple lamentable,
 Puisse de ce combat le souvenir affreux
 Exciter la pitié de nos derniers neveux,
 Arracher à leurs yeux des larmes salutaires,
 Et qu'ils n'imitent point les crimes de leurs pères.

HENRIADE, *Chant* viii, *V.* 255.

ACT V.

(a) Mutemus Clypeos, Danaûmque insignia nobis
 Aptemus ; dolus, an virtus, quis in hoste requirat ?

VIRG : *ÆNEID* : *Lib.* li, *V.* 390.

(c) Si l'on veut lire l'admirable ouvrage de *Tacite* sur les
 Mœurs des Germains, on verra que c'est d'eux que les
 Anglois ont tiré l'idée de leur Gouvernement Politique.
 Ce beau Système a été trouvé dans les bois.

L'Esprit des Loix, *Lib.* xi, *Cap.* 6.

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